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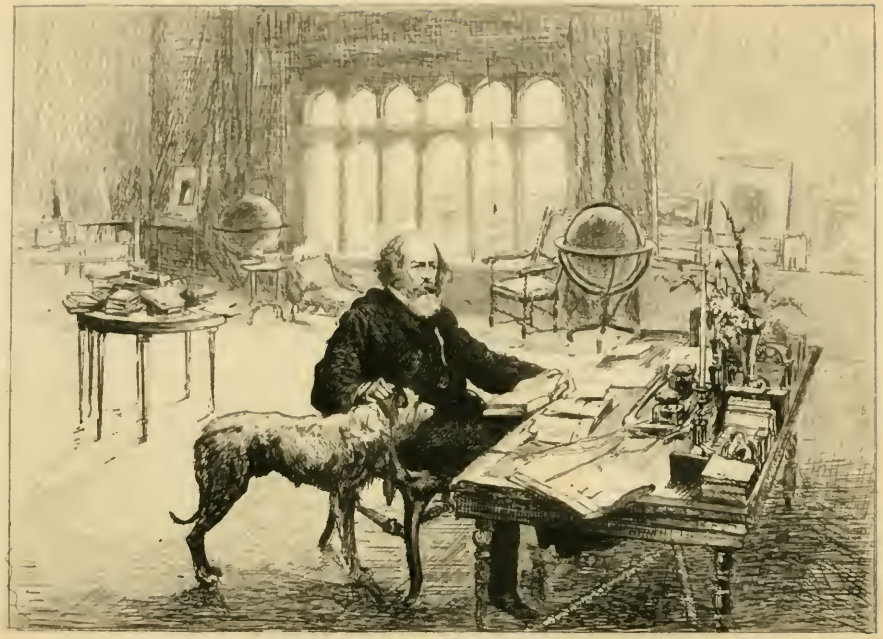
# THE WORKS

OF

# ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



Édition de Luxe

# THE WORKS

OF

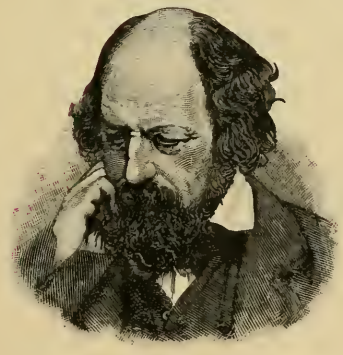
# ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## Poet Laureate

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. XII.



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# Edition de Luxe.

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# THE FORESTERS

## ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

ROBIN HOOD, *Earl of Huntingdon.*
KING RICHARD, *Cœur de Lion.*
PRINCE JOHN.
LITTLE JOHN,
WILL SCARLET,
FRIAR TUCK,
MUCH,
} *Followers of Robin Hood.*
A JUSTICIARY.
SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.
ABBOT OF ST. MARY'S.
SIR RICHARD LEA.
WALTER LEA, *son of Sir Richard Lea.*
MAID MARIAN, *daughter of Sir Richard Lea.*
KATE, *attendant on Marian.*
OLD WOMAN.

*Retainers, Messengers, Merry Men, Mercenaries, Friars, Beggars, Sailors, Peasants (men and women), &c.*

# THE FORESTERS.

## ACT I

SCENE I, THE BOND; SCENES II, III, THE OUTLAWRY

SCENE I. — *The garden before* SIR RICHARD LEA'S *castle.*

KATE (*gathering flowers*).

These roses for my Lady Marian; these lilies to lighten Sir Richard's black room, where he sits and eats his heart for want of money to pay the abbot.

[*Sings.*

The warrior Earl of Allendale,
  He loved the Lady Anne;
The lady loved the master well,
  The maid she loved the man.

All in the castle garden,
  Or ever the day began,
The lady gave a rose to the earl,
  The maid a rose to the man.

'I go to fight in Scotland
With many a savage clan;'
The lady gave her hand to the earl,
The maid her hand to the man.

'Farewell, farewell, my warrior earl!'
And ever a tear down ran.
She gave a weeping kiss to the earl,
And the maid a kiss to the man.

*Enter four ragged* RETAINERS.

FIRST RETAINER.

You do well, Mistress Kate, to sing and to gather roses. You be fed with tit-bits, you, and we be dogs that have only the bones, till we be only bones our own selves.

SECOND RETAINER.

I am fed with tit-bits no more than you are, but I keep a good heart and make the most of it; and, truth to say, Sir Richard and my Lady Marian fare wellnigh as sparely as their people.

THIRD RETAINER.

And look at our suits, out at knee, out at elbow. We be more like scarecrows in a field than decent servingmen; and then, I pray you, look at Robin Earl of Huntingdon's men.

FIRST RETAINER.

She hath looked well at one of 'em, Little John.

THIRD RETAINER.

Ay, how fine they be in their liveries, and each of 'em as full of meat as an egg, and as sleek and as round-about as a mellow codlin.

FOURTH RETAINER.

But I be worse off than any of you, for I be lean by nature, and if you cram me crop-full I be little better than Famine in the picture, but if you starve me I be Gaffer Death himself. I would like to show you, Mistress Kate, how bare and spare I be on the rib: I be lanker than an old horse turned out to die on the common.

KATE.

Spare me thy spare ribs, I pray thee; but now I ask you all, did none of you love young Walter Lea?

FIRST RETAINER.

Ay, if he had not gone to fight the King's battles, we should have better battels at home.

KATE.

Right as an Oxford scholar, but the boy was taken prisoner by the Moors.

FIRST RETAINER.

Ay.

KATE.

And Sir Richard, was told he might be ransomed for two thousand marks in gold.

FIRST RETAINER.

Ay.

KATE.

Then he borrowed the moneys from the Abbot of York, the Sheriff's brother. And if they be not paid back at the end of the year, the land goes to the abbot.

FIRST RETAINER.

No news of young Walter ?

KATE.

None, nor of the gold, nor the man who took out the gold; but now ye know why we live so stintedly, and why ye have so few grains to peck at. Sir Richard must scrape and scrape till he get to the land again. Come, come, why

do ye loiter here? Carry fresh rushes into the dining-hall, for those that are there they be so greasy and smell so vilely that my Lady Marian holds her nose when she steps across it.

FOURTH RETAINER.

Why there, now! that very word 'greasy' hath a kind of unction in it, a smack of relish about it. The rats have gnawed 'em already. I pray Heaven we may not have to take to the rushes. [*Exeunt.*

KATE.

Poor fellows!

The lady gave her hand to the earl,
The maid her hand to the man.

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN.

My master, Robin the Earl, is always a-telling us that every man, for the sake of the great blessed Mother in heaven, and for the love of his own little mother on earth, should handle all womankind gently, and hold them in all honour, and speak small to 'em, and not scare 'em, but go about to come at their love with all manner of homages, and observances, and circumbendibuses.

KATE.

The lady gave a rose to the earl,
The maid a rose to the man.

LITTLE JOHN (*seeing her*).

O the sacred little thing! What a shape! what lovely arms! A rose to the man! Ay, the man had given her a rose, and she gave him another.

KATE.

Shall I keep one little rose for Little John? No.

LITTLE JOHN.

There, there! You see I was right. She hath a tenderness toward me, but is too shy to show it. It is in her, in the woman, and the man must bring it out of her.

KATE.

She gave a weeping kiss to the earl,
The maid a kiss to the man.

LITTLE JOHN.

Did she? But there I am sure the ballad is at fault. It should have told us how the man first kissed the maid. She doesn't see me. Shall I be bold? shall I touch her? shall I give

her the first kiss? O sweet Kate, my first love, the first kiss, the first kiss!

KATE (*turns and kisses him*).

Why lookest thou so amazed?

LITTLE JOHN.

I cannot tell; but I came to give thee the first kiss, and thou hast given it me.

KATE.

But if a man and a maid care for one another, does it matter so much if the maid give the first kiss?

LITTLE JOHN.

I cannot tell, but I had sooner have given thee the first kiss. I was dreaming of it all the way hither.

KATE.

Dream of it, then, all the way back, for now I will have none of it.

LITTLE JOHN.

Nay, now thou hast given me the man's kiss, let me give thee the maid's.

KATE.

If thou draw one inch nearer, I will give thee a buffet on the face.

LITTLE JOHN.

Wilt thou not give me rather the little rose for Little John?

KATE (*throws it down and tramples on it*).

There! [KATE, *seeing* MARIAN, *exit hurriedly.*

*Enter* MARIAN (*singing*).

Love flew in at the window,
  As Wealth walk'd in at the door.
'You have come for you saw Wealth coming,' said I.
But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet little cry,
  'I 'll cleave to you rich or poor.'

Wealth dropt out of the window,
  Poverty crept thro' the door.
'Well, now you would fain follow Wealth,' said I,
But he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie,
  'I cling to you all the more.'

LITTLE JOHN.

Thanks, my lady — inasmuch as I am a true believer in true love myself, and your ladyship hath sung the old proverb out of fashion.

MARIAN.

Ay, but thou hast ruffled my woman, Little John. She hath the fire in her face and the dew in her eyes. I believed thee to be too solemn and formal to be a ruffler. Out upon thee!

*Maid Marian. Queen o' the Woods.*

THE FORESTERS.

Mezzotint. — Ada Rehan, by G. W. H. Ritchie.

LITTLE JOHN.

I am no ruffler, my lady; but I pray you, my lady, if a man and a maid love one another, may the maid give the first kiss?

MARIAN.

It will be all the more gracious of her if she do.

LITTLE JOHN.

I cannot tell. Manners be so corrupt, and these are the days of Prince John. [*Exit.*

*Enter* SIR RICHARD LEA (*reading a bond*).

SIR RICHARD.

Marian!

MARIAN.

Father!

SIR RICHARD.

Who parted from thee even now?

MARIAN.

That strange starched stiff creature, Little John, the earl's man. He would grapple with a lion like the King, and is flustered by a girl's kiss.

SIR RICHARD.

There never was an earl so true a friend of the people as Lord Robin of Huntingdon.

Marian.

A gallant earl. I love him as I hate John.

Sir Richard.

I fear me he hath wasted his revenues in the service of our good King Richard against the party of John, as I have done, as I have done: and where is Richard?

Marian.

Cleave to him, father! he will come home at last.

Sir Richard.

I trust he will, but if he do not I and thou are but beggars.

Marian.

We will be beggar'd then, and be true to the King.

Sir Richard.

Thou speakest like a fool or a woman. Canst thou endure to be a beggar whose whole life hath been folded like a blossom in the sheath, like a careless sleeper in the down; who never hast felt a want, to whom all things, up to this present, have come as freely as heaven's air and mother's milk?

MARIAN.

Tut, father! I am none of your delicate Norman maidens who can only broider and mayhap ride a-hawking with the help of the men. I can bake and I can brew, and by all the saints I can shoot almost as closely with the bow as the great earl himself. I have played at the foils too with Kate: but is not to-day his birthday?

SIR RICHARD.

Dost thou love him indeed, that thou keepest a record of his birthdays? Thou knowest that the Sheriff of Nottingham loves thee.

MARIAN.

The sheriff dare to love me? me who worship Robin the great Earl of Huntingdon? I love him as a damsel of his day might have loved Harold the Saxon or Hereward the Wake. They both fought against the tyranny of the kings, the Normans. But then your sheriff, your little man, if he dare to fight at all, would fight for his rents, his leases, his houses, his moneys, his oxen, his dinners, himself. Now your great man, your Robin, all England's Robin, fights not for himself but for the people of England. This John — this Norman tyranny

— the stream is bearing us all down, and our little sheriff will ever swim with the stream! but our great man, our Robin, against it. And how often in old histories have the great men striven against the stream, and how often in the long sweep of years to come must the great man strive against it again to save his country and the liberties of his people! God bless our well-beloved Robin, Earl of Huntingdon!

Sir Richard.

Ay, ay. He wore thy colours once at a tourney. I am old and forget. Was Prince John there?

Marian.

The Sheriff of Nottingham was there — not John.

Sir Richard.

Beware of John and the Sheriff of Nottingham. They hunt in couples, and when they look at a maid they blast her.

Marian.

Then the maid is not high-hearted enough.

Sir Richard.

There — there — be not a fool again. Their aim is ever at that which flies highest — but

O girl, girl, I am almost in despair. Those two thousand marks lent me by the abbot for the ransom of my son Walter — I believed this abbot of the party of King Richard, and he hath sold himself to that beast John — they must be paid in a year and a month, or I lose the land. There is one that should be grateful to me overseas, a count in Brittany — he lives near Quimper. I saved his life once in battle. He has moneys. I will go to him. I saved him. I will try him. I am all but sure of him. I will go to him.

MARIAN.

And I will follow thee, and God help us both!

SIR RICHARD.

Child, thou shouldst marry one who will pay the mortgage. This Robin, this Earl of Huntingdon — he is a friend of Richard — I know not, but he may save the land, he may save the land.

MARIAN (*showing a cross hung round her neck*).

Father, you see this cross?

SIR RICHARD.

Ay, the King, thy godfather, gave it thee when a baby.

MARIAN.

And he said that whenever I married he would give me away, and on this cross I have sworn [*kisses it*] that, till I myself pass away, there is no other man that shall give me away.

SIR RICHARD.

Lo there! — thou art fool again — I am all as loyal as thyself, but what a vow! what a vow!

*Re-enter* LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN.

My Lady Marian, your woman so flustered me that I forgot my message from the earl. To-day he hath accomplished his thirtieth birthday, and he prays your ladyship and your ladyship's father to be present at his banquet to-night.

MARIAN.

Say, we will come.

LITTLE JOHN.

And I pray you, my lady, to stand between me and your woman, Kate.

MARIAN.

I will speak with her.

LITTLE JOHN.

I thank you, my lady, and I wish you and your ladyship's father a most exceedingly good morning.

[*Exit.*

SIR RICHARD.

Thou hast answered for me, but I know not if I will let thee go.

MARIAN.

I mean to go.

SIR RICHARD.

Not if I barred thee up in thy chamber, like a bird in a cage.

MARIAN.

Then I would drop from the casement, like a spider.

SIR RICHARD.

But I would hoist the drawbridge, like thy master.

MARIAN.

And I would swim the moat, like an otter.

SIR RICHARD.

But I would set my men-at-arms to oppose thee, like the lord of the castle.

MARIAN.

And I would break through them all, like the King of England.

SIR RICHARD.

Well, thou shalt go, but O the land! the land! my great great great grandfather, my great great grandfather, my great grandfather, my grandfather, and my own father — they were born and bred on it — it was their mother — they have trodden it for half a thousand years, and whenever I set my own foot on it I say to it, 'Thou art mine,' and it answers, 'I am thine to the very heart of the earth' — but now I have lost my gold, I have lost my son, and I shall lose my land also. Down to the devil with this bond that beggars me!

[*Flings down the bond.*

MARIAN.

Take it again, dear father, be not wroth at the dumb parchment. Sufficient for the day, dear father! let us be merry to-night at the banquet.

SCENE II. — *A banqueting-hall in the house of* ROBIN HOOD *the Earl of Huntingdon. Doors open into a banqueting-hall where he is at feast with his friends.*

DRINKING SONG.

Long live Richard,
  Robin and Richard!
Long live Richard!
  Down with John!
Drink to the Lion-heart
  Every one!
Pledge the Plantagenet,
  Him that is gone!
Who knows whither?
  God's good Angel
Help him back hither,
  And down with John!
Long live Robin,
  Robin and Richard!
Long live Robin
  And down with John!

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN *disguised as a monk and the* SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. *Cries of 'Down with John,' 'Long live King Richard,' 'Down with John.'*

PRINCE JOHN.

Down with John! ha! Shall I be known? is my disguise perfect?

SHERIFF.

Perfect — who should know you for Prince John, so that you keep the cowl down and speak not? [*Shouts from the banquet-room.*

PRINCE JOHN.

Thou and I will still these revelries presently. [*Shouts,* 'Long live King Richard!'

I come here to see this daughter of Sir Richard of the Lea and if her beauties answer their report. If so —

SHERIFF.

If so — [*Shouts,* 'Down with John!'

PRINCE JOHN.

You hear!

SHERIFF.

Yes, my lord, fear not. I will answer for you.

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN, SCARLET, MUCH, *etc., from the banquet singing a snatch of the Drinking Song.*

LITTLE JOHN.

I am a silent man myself, and all the more wonder at our earl. What a wealth of words — O Lord, I will live and die for King Richard — not so much for the cause as for the earl. O Lord, I am easily led by words, but I think the earl hath right. Scarlet, hath not the earl right? What makes thee so down in the mouth?

SCARLET.

I doubt not, I doubt not, and though I be down in the mouth, I will swear by the head of the earl.

LITTLE JOHN.

Thou Much, miller's son, hath not the earl right?

MUCH.

More water goes by the mill than the miller wots of, and more goes to make right than I know of, but for all that I will swear the earl hath right. But they are coming hither for the dance —

*Enter* FRIAR TUCK.

be they not, Friar Tuck? Thou art the earl's confessor and shouldst know.

TUCK.

Ay, ay, and but that I am a man of weight, and the weight of the church to boot on my shoulders, I would dance too. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la! [*Capering.*

MUCH.

But doth not the weight of the flesh at odd times overbalance the weight of the church, ha, friar?

TUCK.

Homo sum. I love my dinner — but I can fast, I can fast; and as to other frailties of the flesh — out upon thee! Homo sum, sed virgo sum; I am a virgin, my masters, I am a virgin.

MUCH.

And a virgin, my masters, three yards about the waist, is like to remain a virgin, for who could embrace such an armful of joy?

TUCK.

Knave, there is a lot of wild fellows in Sherwood Forest who hold by King Richard. If ever I meet thee there, I will break thy sconce with my quarterstaff.

*Enter from the banqueting-hall* SIR RICHARD LEA, ROBIN HOOD, *etc.*

ROBIN.

My guests and friends, Sir Richard, all of you
Who deign to honour this my thirtieth year,
And some of you were prophets that I might be,
Now that the sun our King is gone, the light
Of these dark hours; but this new moon, I fear,
Is darkness. Nay, this may be the last time
When I shall hold my birthday in this hall:
I may be outlaw'd, I have heard a rumour.

ALL.

God forbid!

ROBIN.

Nay, but we have no news of Richard yet,
And ye did wrong in crying 'Down with John;'
For be he dead, then John may be our King.

ALL.

God forbid!

ROBIN.

Ay, God forbid,
But if it be so we must bear with John.
The man is able enough — no lack of wit,
And apt at arms and shrewd in policy.
Courteous enough too when he wills; and yet
I hate him for his want of chivalry.
He that can pluck the flower of maidenhood

From off the stalk and trample it in the mire,
And boast that he hath trampled it. I hate him,
I hate the man. I may not hate the King
For aught I know,
So that our barons bring his baseness under.
I think they will be mightier than the King.

[*Dance music.*

MARIAN *enters with other damsels.*

ROBIN.

The high Heaven guard thee from his wantonness,
Who art the fairest flower of maidenhood
That ever blossom'd on this English isle!

MARIAN.

Cloud not thy birthday with one fear for me.
My lord, myself and my good father pray
Thy thirtieth summer may be thirty-fold
As happy as any of those that went before.

ROBIN.

My Lady Marian, you can make it so
If you will deign to tread a measure with me.

MARIAN.

Full willingly, my lord.

[*They dance.*

ROBIN (*after dance*).

My lady, will you answer me a question ?

MARIAN.

Any that you may ask.

ROBIN.

A question that every true man asks of a woman once in his life.

MARIAN.

I will not answer it, my lord, till King Richard come home again.

PRINCE JOHN (*to* SHERIFF).

How she looks up at him, how she holds her face!
Now if she kiss him, I will have his head.

SHERIFF.

Peace, my lord; the earl and Sir Richard come this way.

ROBIN.

Must you have these moneys before the year and the month end ?

SIR RICHARD.

Or I forfeit my land to the abbot. I must pass overseas to one that I trust will help me.

ROBIN.

Leaving your fair Marian alone here.

SIR RICHARD.

Ay, for she hath somewhat of the lioness in her, and there be men-at-arms to guard her.

[ROBIN, SIR RICHARD, *and* MARIAN *pass on.*

PRINCE JOHN (*to* SHERIFF).

Why that will be our opportunity
When I and thou will rob the nest of her.

SHERIFF.

Good prince, art thou in need of any gold ?

PRINCE JOHN.

Gold? why? not now.

SHERIFF.

I would give thee any gold,
So that myself alone might rob the nest.

PRINCE JOHN.

Well, well then, thou shalt rob the nest alone.

SHERIFF.

Swear to me by that relic on thy neck.

PRINCE JOHN.

I swear then by this relic on my neck —
No, no, I will not swear by this; I keep it
For holy vows made to the blessed Saints,
Not pleasures, women's matters.
Dost thou mistrust me? Am I not thy friend?
Beware, man, lest thou lose thy faith in me.
I love thee much; and as I *am* thy friend,
I promise thee to make this Marian thine.
Go now and ask the maid to dance with thee,
And learn from her if she do love this earl.

SHERIFF (*advancing toward* MARIAN *and* ROBIN.)

Pretty mistress!

ROBIN.

What art thou, man? Sheriff of Nottingham?

SHERIFF.

Ay, my lord. I and my friend, this monk, were here belated, and seeing the hospitable lights in your castle, and knowing the fame of your hospitality, we ventured in uninvited.

ROBIN.

You are welcome, though I fear you be of those who hold more by John than Richard.

SHERIFF.

True, for through John I had my sheriffship. I am John's till Richard come back again, and then I am Richard's. Pretty mistress, will you dance? [*They dance.*

ROBIN (*talking to* PRINCE JOHN).

What monk of what convent art thou? Why wearest thou thy cowl to hide thy face?

[PRINCE JOHN *shakes his head.*

Is he deaf, or dumb, or daft, or drunk belike?

[PRINCE JOHN *shakes his head.*

Why comest thou like a death's head at my feast?

[PRINCE JOHN *points to the* SHERIFF, *who is dancing with* MARIAN.

Is he thy mouthpiece, thine interpreter?

[PRINCE JOHN *nods.*

SHERIFF (*to* MARIAN *as they pass*).

Beware of John!

MARIAN.

I hate him.

SHERIFF.

Would you cast
An eye of favour on me, I would pay
My brother all his debt and save the land.

MARIAN.

I cannot answer thee till Richard come.

SHERIFF.

And when he comes?

MARIAN.

Well, you must wait till then.

LITTLE JOHN (*dancing with* KATE).

Is it made up? Will you kiss me?

KATE.

You shall give me the first kiss.

LITTLE JOHN.

There (*kisses her*). Now thine.

KATE.

You shall wait for mine till Sir Richard has paid the abbot. [*They pass on.*

[*The* SHERIFF *leaves* MARIAN *with her father and comes toward* ROBIN.

ROBIN (*to* SHERIFF, PRINCE JOHN *standing by*).

Sheriff, thy friend, this monk, is but a statue.

SHERIFF.

Pardon him, my lord: he is a holy palmer, bounden by a vow not to show his face, nor to

speak word to any one, till he join King Richard in the Holy Land.

ROBIN.

Going to the Holy Land to Richard! Give me thy hand and tell him —— Why, what a cold grasp is thine! — as if thou didst repent thy courtesy even in the doing it. That is no true man's hand. I hate hidden faces.

SHERIFF.

Pardon him again, I pray you; but the twilight of the coming day already glimmers in the east. We thank you, and farewell.

ROBIN.

Farewell, farewell. I hate hidden faces.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* SHERIFF.

SIR RICHARD (*coming forward with* MAID MARIAN).

How close the sheriff peer'd into thine eyes!
What did he say to thee?

MARIAN.

Bade me beware
Of John: what maid but would beware of John?

SIR RICHARD.

What else?

MARIAN.

I care not what he said.

SIR RICHARD.

What else?

MARIAN.

That if I cast an eye of favour on him,
Himself would pay this mortgage to his brother,
And save the land.

SIR RICHARD.

Did he say so, the sheriff?

ROBIN.

I fear this abbot is a heart of flint,
Hard as the stones of his abbey.
O good Sir Richard,
I am sorry my exchequer runs so low
I cannot help you in this exigency;
For though my men and I flash out at times
Of festival like burnished summer-flies,
We make but one hour's buzz, are only like
The rainbow of a momentary sun.
I am mortgaged as thyself.

SIR RICHARD.

Ay! I warrant thee — thou canst not be sorrier than I am. Come away, daughter.

ROBIN.

Farewell, Sir Richard; farewell, sweet Marian.

MARIAN.

Till better times.

ROBIN.

But if the better times should never come?

MARIAN.

Then I shall be no worse.

ROBIN.

And if the worst time come?

MARIAN.

Why, then I will be better than the time.

ROBIN.

This ring my mother gave me: it was her own
Betrothal ring. She pray'd me, when I loved
A maid with all my heart, to pass it down
A finger of that hand which should be mine
Thereafter. Will you have it? Will you wear it?

MARIAN.

Ay, noble earl, and never part with it.

SIR RICHARD LEA (*coming up*).

Not till she clean forget thee, noble earl.

MARIAN.

Forget *him* — never — by this Holy Cross
Which good King Richard gave me when a child —
Never!
Not while the swallow skims along the ground,
And while the lark flies up and touches heaven!
Not while the smoke floats from the cottage roof,
And the white cloud is roll'd along the sky!
Not while the rivulet babbles by the door,
And the great breaker beats upon the beach!
Never —
Till Nature, high and low, and great and small
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates
Sink again into chaos!

SIR RICHARD LEA.

Away! away!
[*Exeunt to music.*

## SCENE III. — Same as Scene II.

Robin *and his men.*

Robin.

All gone! — my ring — I am happy — should
be happy.
She took my ring. I trust she loves me — yet
I heard this sheriff tell her he would pay
The mortgage if she favour'd him. I fear
Not her, the father's power upon her.
Friends, (*to his men*)
I am only merry for an hour or two
Upon a birthday: if this life of ours
Be a good glad thing, why should we make us
merry
Because a year of it is gone? but Hope
Smiles from the threshold of the year to come
Whispering 'It will be happier;' and old faces
Press round us, and warm hands close with
warm hands,
And thro' the blood the wine leaps to the brain
Like April sap to the topmost tree, that shoots
New buds to heaven, whereon the throstle
rock'd

Sings a new song to the new year — and you,
Strike up a song, my friends, and then to bed.

LITTLE JOHN.

What will you have, my lord?

ROBIN.

'To sleep! to sleep!'

LITTLE JOHN.

There is a touch of sadness in it, my lord,
But ill befitting such a festal day.

ROBIN.

I have a touch of sadness in myself.
Sing.

SONG.

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

[*A trumpet blown at the gates.*

ROBIN.

Who breaks the stillness of the morning thus?

LITTLE JOHN (*going out and returning*)

It is a royal messenger, my lord:
I trust he brings us news of the King's coming.

*Enter a* PURSUIVANT *who reads.*

O yes, O yes, O yes! In the name of the Regent. Thou, Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon, art attainted and hast lost thine earldom of Huntingdon. Moreover, thou art dispossessed of all thy lands, goods, and chattels; and by virtue of this writ, whereas Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon, by force and arms hath trespassed against the King in divers manners, therefore by the judgment of the officers of the said Lord King, according to the law and custom of the kingdom of England, Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon is outlawed and banished.

ROBIN.

I have shelter'd some that broke the forest laws.
This is irregular and the work of John.

['Irregular, irregular! (*tumult*) Down with him, tear his coat from his back!'

MESSENGER.

Ho there! ho there, the sheriff's men without!

ROBIN.

Nay, let them be, man, let them be. We yield.
How should we cope with John? The London folkmote
Has made him all but King, and he hath seized
On half the royal castles. Let him alone!
(*to his men*)
A worthy messenger! how should he help it?
Shall *we* too work injustice? what, thou shakest!
Here, here — a cup of wine — drink and begone!
[*Exit* MESSENGER.
We will away in four-and-twenty hours,
But shall we leave our England?

TUCK.

Robin, Earl —

ROBIN.

Let be the 'Earl.' Henceforth I am no more
Than plain man to plain man.

TUCK.

Well, then, plain man,
There be good fellows there in merry Sherwood
That hold by Richard, tho' they kill his deer.

ROBIN.

In Sherwood Forest. I have heard of them.
Have they no leader?

TUCK.

Each man for his own.
Be thou their leader, and they will all of them
Swarm to thy voice like bees to the brass pan.

ROBIN.

They hold by Richard — the wild wood! to cast
All threadbare household habit, mix with all
The lusty life of wood and underwood,
Hawk, buzzard, jay, the mavis and the merle,
The tawny squirrel vaulting thro' the boughs,
The deer, the highback'd polecat, the wild boar,
The burrowing badger — by Saint Nicholas,
I have a sudden passion for the wild wood —
We should be free as air in the wild wood —
What say you? shall we go? Your hands, your hands!

[*Gives his hand to each.*

You, Scarlet, you are always moody here.

SCARLET.

'T is for no lack of love to you, my lord,
But lack of happiness in a blatant wife.
She broke my head on Tuesday with a dish.

I would have thwack'd the woman, but I did not,
Because thou sayest such fine things of women,
But I shall have to thwack her if I stay.

ROBIN.

Would it be better for thee in the wood?

SCARLET.

Ay, so she did not follow me to the wood.

ROBIN.

Then, Scarlet, thou at least wilt go with me.
Thou, Much, the miller's son, I knew thy father:
He was a manly man, as thou art, Much,
And gray before his time, as thou art, Much.

MUCH.

It is the trick of the family, my lord.
There was a song he made to the turning wheel —

ROBIN.

'Turn! turn!' but I forget it.

MUCH.

I can sing it.

ROBIN.

Not now, good Much! And thou, dear Little John,

Who hast that worship for me which Heaven knows
I ill deserve — you love me, all of you,
But I am outlaw'd, and if caught I die.
Your hands again. All thanks for all your service;
But if you follow me, you may die with me.

ALL.

We will live and die with thee, we will live and die with thee!

# ACT II.

## THE FLIGHT OF MARIAN.

SCENE I.—*A broad forest glade; woodman's hut at one side with half-door;* FORESTERS *are looking to their bows and arrows, or polishing their swords.*

FORESTERS *sing* (*as they disperse to their work*).

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be.
There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

(*Full chorus*). And these will strike for England,
And man and maid be free,
To foil and spoil the tyrant
Beneath the greenwood tree.

There is no land like England,
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
  So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England,
  Where'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
  So beautiful as they be.

(*Full chorus*). And these shall wed with freemen,
  And all their sons be free,
To sing the songs of England
  Beneath the greenwood tree.

ROBIN (*alone*).

My lonely hour!
The king of day hath stept from off his throne,
Flung by the golden mantle of the cloud,
And sets, a naked fire. The King of England
Perchance this day may sink as gloriously,
Red with his own and enemy's blood — but no!
We hear he is in prison. It is my birthday.
I have reign'd one year in the wild wood. My mother,
For whose sake, and the blessed Queen of Heaven,
I reverence all women, bade me, dying,
Whene'er this day should come about, to carve
One lone hour from it, so to meditate

Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
Are shaken from their stillness in the grave
By the last trumpet.
Am I worse or better?
I am outlaw'd. I am none the worse for that.
I held for Richard, and I hated John.
I am a thief, ay, and a king of thieves.
Ay! but we rob the robber, wrong the wronger,
And what we wring from them we give the poor.
I am none the worse for that, and all the better
For this free forest-life, for while I sat
Among my thralls in my baronial hall
The groining hid the heavens; but since I breathed,
A houseless head beneath the sun and stars,
The soul of the woods hath stricken thro' my blood,
The love of freedom, the desire of God,
The hope of larger life hereafter, more
Tenfold than under roof. [*Horn blown.*
True, were I taken
They would prick out my sight. A price is set
On this poor head; but I believe there lives
No man who truly loves and truly rules
His following but can keep his followers true.

I am one with mine. Traitors are rarely bred
Save under traitor kings. Our vice-king John,
True king of vice — true play on words — our John,
By his Norman arrogance and dissoluteness,
Hath made *me* king of all the discontent
Of England up thro' all the forest land
North to the Tyne: being outlaw'd in a land
Where law lies dead, we make ourselves the law.
Why break you thus upon my lonely hour?

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN *and* KATE.

LITTLE JOHN.

I found this white doe wandering thro' the wood,
Not thine, but mine. I have shot her thro' the heart.

KATE.

He lies, my lord. I have shot *him* thro' the heart.

ROBIN.

My God, thou art the very woman who waits
On my dear Marian. Tell me, tell me of her!
Thou comest a very angel out of heaven.
Where is she? and how fares she?

KATE.

O my good lord,
I am but an angel by reflected light.
Your heaven is vacant of your angel. John —
Shame on him! —
Stole on her — she was walking in the garden —
And after some slight speech about the sheriff
He caught her round the waist, whereon she struck him
And fled into the castle. She and Sir Richard
Have past away, I know not where; and I
Was left alone, and knowing as I did
That I had shot him thro' the heart, I came
To eat him up and make an end of him.

LITTLE JOHN.

In kisses?

KATE.

You, how dare you mention kisses?
But I am weary pacing thro' the wood.
Show me some cave or cabin where I may rest.

ROBIN.

Go with him. I will talk with thee anon.

[*Exeunt* LITTLE JOHN *and* KATE.

She struck him, my brave Marian, struck the prince,

The serpent that had crept into the garden
And coil'd himself about her sacred waist.
I think I should have stricken him to the death.
He never will forgive her.
O, the sheriff
Would pay this cursed mortgage to his brother
If Marian would marry him; and the son
Is most like dead — if so the land may come
To Marian, and they rate the land fivefold
The worth of the mortgage, and who marries her
Marries the land. Most honourable sheriff!
(*Passionately*) Gone, and it may be gone for evermore!
O, would that I could see her for a moment
Glide like a light across these woodland ways!
Tho' in one moment she should glance away,
I should be happier for it all the year.
O, would she moved beside me like my shadow!
O, would she stood before me as my queen,
To make this Sherwood Eden o'er again,
And these rough oaks the palms of Paradise!

Ah! but who be those three yonder with bows? — not of my band — the sheriff, and by heaven, Prince John himself and one of those mercenaries that suck the blood of England! My people are all scattered I know not where. Have they come for me? Here is the witch's

hut. The fool-people call her a witch — a good witch to me! I will shelter here.

[*Knocks at the door of the hut.*

OLD WOMAN *comes out.*

OLD WOMAN (*kisses his hand*).

Ah, dear Robin! ah, noble captain, friend of the poor!

ROBIN.

I am chased by my foes. I have forgotten my horn that calls my men together. Disguise me — thy gown and thy coif.

OLD WOMAN.

Come in, come in; I would give my life for thee, for when the sheriff had taken all our goods for the King without paying, our horse and our little cart ——

ROBIN.

Quick, good mother, quick!

OLD WOMAN.

Ay, ay, gown, coif, and petticoat, and the old woman's blessing with them to the last fringe.

[*They go in.*

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN, SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, *and* MERCENARY.

PRINCE JOHN.

Did we not hear the two would pass this way?
They must have past. Here is a woodman's hut.

MERCENARY.

Take heed, take heed! in Nottingham they say
There bides a foul witch somewhere hereabout.

SHERIFF.

Not in this hut, I take it.

PRINCE JOHN.

Why not here?

SHERIFF.

I saw a man go in, my lord.

PRINCE JOHN.

Not two?

SHERIFF.

No, my lord, one.

PRINCE JOHN.

Make for the cottage then!

*Interior of the hut.*

ROBIN *disguised as old woman.*

PRINCE JOHN (*without*).

Knock again! knock again!

ROBIN (*to* OLD WOMAN).

Get thee into the closet there, and make a ghostly wail ever and anon to scare 'em.

OLD WOMAN.

I will, I will, good Robin. [*Goes into closet.*

PRINCE JOHN (*without*).

Open, open, or I will drive the door from the doorpost.

ROBIN (*opens door*).

Come in, come in.

PRINCE JOHN.

Why did ye keep us at the door so long?

ROBIN (*curtseying*).

I was afeard it was the ghost, your worship.

PRINCE JOHN.

Ghost! did one in white pass?

ROBIN (*curtseying*).

No, your worship.

PRINCE JOHN.

Did two knights pass?

ROBIN (*curtseying*).

No, your worship.

SHERIFF.

I fear me we have lost our labour, then.

PRINCE JOHN.

Except this old hag have been bribed to lie.

ROBIN.

We old hags should be bribed to speak truth, for, God help us, we lie by nature.

PRINCE JOHN.

There was a man just now that enter'd here?

ROBIN.

There is but one old woman in the hut.

[OLD WOMAN *yells*.

ROBIN.

I crave your worship's pardon. There is yet another old woman. She was murdered here a hundred year ago, and whenever a murder is to

be done again she yells out i' this way — so they say, your worship.

MERCENARY.

Now, if I had n't a sprig o' wickentree sewn into my dress, I should run.

PRINCE JOHN.

Tut! tut! the scream of some wild woodland thing.
How came we to be parted from our men?
We shouted, and *they* shouted, as I thought,
But shout and echo play'd into each other
So hollowly we knew not which was which.

ROBIN.

The wood is full of echoes, owls, elfs, ouphes, oafs, ghosts o' the mist, wills-o'-the-wisp; only they that be bred in it can find their way a-nights in it.

PRINCE JOHN.

I am footsore and famish'd therewithal.
Is there aught there? [*Pointing to cupboard.*

ROBIN.

Naught for the likes o' you.

PRINCE JOHN.

Speak straight out, crookback.

ROBIN.

Sour milk and black bread.

PRINCE JOHN.

Well, set them forth. I could eat anything.

[*He sets out a table with black bread.*

This is mere marble. Old hag, how should thy one tooth drill thro' this?

ROBIN.

Nay, by Saint Gemini, I ha' two; and since the sheriff left me naught but an empty belly, they can meet upon anything thro' a millstone. You gentles that live upo' manchet-bread and marchpane, what should you know o' the food o' the poor? Look you here, before you can eat it you must hack it with a hatchet, break it all to pieces, as you break the poor, as you would hack at Robin Hood if you could light upon him (*hacks it and flings two pieces*). There 's for you, and there 's for you — and the old woman's welcome.

PRINCE JOHN.

The old wretch is mad, and her bread is beyond me; and the milk — faugh! Hast thou anything to sweeten this?

ROBIN.

Here 's a pot o' wild honey from an old oak, saving your sweet reverences.

SHERIFF.

Thou hast a cow then, hast thou?

ROBIN.

Ay, for when the sheriff took my little horse for the King without paying for it ——

SHERIFF.

How hadst thou then the means to buy a cow?

ROBIN.

Eh, I would ha' given my whole body to the King had *he* asked for it, like the woman at Acre when the Turk shot her as she was helping to build the mound against the city. I ha' served the King living, says she, and let me serve him dead, says she; let me go to make the mound: bury me in the mound, says the woman.

SHERIFF.

Ay, but the cow?

ROBIN.

She was given me.

SHERIFF.

By whom?

ROBIN.

By a thief.

SHERIFF.

Who, woman, who?

ROBIN (*sings*).

He was a forester good;
He was the cock o' the walk;
He was the king o' the wood.

Your worship may find another rhyme if you care to drag your brains for such a minnow.

SHERIFF.

That cow was mine. I have lost a cow from my meadow. Robin Hood was it? I thought as much. He will come to the gibbet at last.

[OLD WOMAN *yells*.

MERCENARY.

O sweet sir, talk not of cows. You anger the spirit.

PRINCE JOHN.

Anger the scritch-owl.

MERCENARY.

But, my lord, the scritch-owl bodes death, my lord.

ROBIN.

I beseech you all to speak lower. Robin may be hard by wi' three-score of his men. He often looks in here by the moonshine. Beware of Robin.

[OLD WOMAN *yells.*

MERCENARY.

Ah, do you hear? There may be murder done.

SHERIFF.

Have you not finished, my lord?

ROBIN.

Thou hast crost him in love, and I have heard him swear he will be even wi' thee.

[OLD WOMAN *yells.*

MERCENARY.

Now is my heart so down in my heels that if I stay I can't run.

SHERIFF.

Shall we not go?

ROBIN.

And, old hag tho' I be, I can spell the hand. Give me thine. Ay, ay, the line o' life

is marked enow; but look, there is a cross line o' sudden death. I pray thee go, go, for tho' thou wouldst bar me fro' the milk o' my cow, I wouldn't have thy blood on my hearth.

PRINCE JOHN.

Why do you listen, man, to the old fool?

SHERIFF.

I will give thee a silver penny if thou wilt show us the way back to Nottingham.

ROBIN (*with a very low curtsey*).

All the sweet Saints bless your worship for your alms to the old woman! but make haste then, and be silent in the wood. Follow me.

[*Takes his bow.*

(*They come out of the hut and close the door carefully.*)

*Outside hut.*

ROBIN.

Softly! softly! there may be a thief in every bush.

PRINCE JOHN.

How should this old lamester guide us? Where is thy goodman?

ROBIN.

The Saints were so kind to both on us that he was dead before he was born.

PRINCE JOHN.

Half-witted and a witch to boot! Mislead us, and I will have thy life! and what doest thou with that, who art more bow-bent than the very bow thou carriest?

ROBIN.

I keep it to kill nightingales.

PRINCE JOHN.

Nightingales!

ROBIN.

You see, they are so fond o' their own voices that I cannot sleep o' nights by cause on 'em.

PRINCE JOHN.

True soul of the Saxon churl for whom song has no charm.

ROBIN.

Then I roast 'em, for I have naught else to live on (*whines*). O your honour, I pray you too to give me an alms. (*To* PRINCE JOHN.)

SHERIFF.

This is no bow to hit nightingales; this is a true woodman's bow of the best yew-wood to

slay the deer. Look, my lord, there goes one in the moonlight. Shoot!

PRINCE JOHN (*shoots*).

Missed! There goes another. Shoot, sheriff!

SHERIFF (*shoots*).

Missed!

ROBIN.

And here comes another. Why, an old woman can shoot closer than you two.

PRINCE JOHN.

Shoot then, and if thou miss I will fasten thee to thine own doorpost and make thine old carcase a target for us three.

ROBIN (*raises himself upright, shoots, and hits.*)

Hit! Did I not tell you an old woman could shoot better?

PRINCE JOHN.

Thou standest straight. Thou speakest manlike. Thou art no old woman — thou art disguised — thou art one of the thieves.

[*Makes a clutch at the gown, which comes in pieces and falls, showing* ROBIN *in his forester's dress.*

SHERIFF.

It is the very captain of the thieves!

*John Drew as Robin Hood.*
THE FORESTERS.

Photogravure from photograph in costume.

PRINCE JOHN.

We have him at last; we have him at advantage. Strike, sheriff! Strike, mercenary!

[*They draw swords and attack him; he defends himself with his.*

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN.

LITTLE JOHN.

I have lodged my pretty Katekin in her bower.
How now? Clashing of swords — three upon one, and that one our Robin! Rogues, have you no manhood?

[*Draws and defends* ROBIN.

*Enter* SIR RICHARD LEA (*draws his sword*).

SIR RICHARD LEA.

Old as I am, I will not brook to see
Three upon two.

(MAID MARIAN *in the armour of a Red-cross Knight follows, half unsheathing her sword and half seen.*

Back! back! I charge thee, back!
Is this a game for thee to play at? Away!

(*She retires to the fringe of the copse.*)

[*He fights on* ROBIN'S *side. The other three are beaten off and exeunt.*

*Enter* FRIAR TUCK.

FRIAR TUCK.

I am too late then with my quarterstaff?

ROBIN.

Quick, friar, follow them!
See whether there be more of 'em in the wood.

FRIAR TUCK.

On the gallop, on the gallop, Robin, like a deer from a dog, or a colt from a gadfly, or a stump-tailed ox in May-time, or the cow that jumped over the moon. [*Exit.*

ROBIN.

Nay, nay, but softly, lest they spy thee, friar!

[*To* SIR RICHARD LEA *who reels.*

Take thou mine arm. Who art thou, gallant knight?

SIR RICHARD.

Robin, I am Sir Richard of the Lea.
Who be those three that I have fought withal?

ROBIN.

Prince John, the sheriff, and a mercenary.

SIR RICHARD.

Prince John again! We are flying from this John.
The sheriff — I am grieved it was the sheriff;
For, Robin, he must be my son-in-law.
Thou art an outlaw, and couldst never pay
The mortgage on my land. Thou wilt not see
My Marian more. So — so — I have presumed
Beyond my strength. Give me a draught of wine. [MARIAN *comes forward.*
This is my son but late escaped from prison,
For whom I ran into my debt to the abbot,
Two thousand marks in gold. I have paid him half.
That other thousand — shall I ever pay it?
A draught of wine.

ROBIN.

Our cellar is hard by.
Take him, good Little John, and give him wine.
[*Exit* SIR RICHARD *leaning on* LITTLE JOHN.
A brave old fellow, but he angers me.
[*To* MAID MARIAN *who is following her father.*
Young Walter, nay, I pray thee, stay a moment.

MARIAN.

A moment for some matter of no moment!
Well — take and use your moment, while you may.

Robin.

Thou art her brother, and her voice is thine,
Her face is thine, and if thou be as gentle
Give me some news of my sweet Marian.
Where is she?

Marian.

Thy sweet Marian? I believe
She came with me into the forest here.

Robin.

She follow'd thee into the forest here?

Marian.

Nay — that, my friend, I am sure I did not say.

Robin.

Thou blowest hot and cold. Where is she then?

Marian.

Is she not here with thee?

Robin.

Would God she were!

Marian.

If not with thee I know not where she is.
She may have lighted on your fairies here,
And now be skipping in their fairy-rings,
And capering hand in hand with Oberon.

ROBIN.

Peace!

MARIAN.

Or learning witchcraft of your woodland witch,
And how to charm and waste the hearts of men.

ROBIN.

That is not brother-like.

MARIAN (*pointing to the sky*).

Or there perchance
Up yonder with the man i' the moon.

ROBIN.

No more!

MARIAN.

Or haply fallen a victim to the wolf.

ROBIN.

Tut! be there wolves in Sherwood?

MARIAN.

The wolf, John!

ROBIN.

Curse him! but thou art mocking me. Thou art
Her brother — I forgive thee. Come, be thou
My brother too. She loves me.

MARIAN.

Doth she so?

ROBIN.

Do you doubt me when I say she loves me,
man?

MARIAN.

No, but my father will not lose his land;
Rather than that would wed her with the sheriff.

ROBIN.

Thou hold'st with him?

MARIAN.

Yes, in some sort I do.
He is old and almost mad to keep the land.

ROBIN.

Thou hold'st with him?

MARIAN.

I tell thee, in some sort.

ROBIN (*angrily*).

Sort! sort! what sort? what sort of man art
thou
For land, not love? Thou wilt inherit the land,
And so wouldst sell thy sister to the sheriff,
O thou unworthy brother of my dear Marian!
And, now I do bethink me, thou wast by
And never drewest sword to help the old man
When he was fighting.

MARIAN.

There were three to three.

ROBIN.

Thou shouldst have ta'en his place, and fought
for him.

MARIAN.

He did it so well there was no call for me.

ROBIN.

My God!
That such a brother — *she* marry the sheriff!
Come now, I fain would have a bout with thee.
It is but pastime — nay, I will not harm thee.
Draw!

MARIAN.

Earl, I would fight with any man but thee.

ROBIN.

Ay, ay, because I have a name for prowess.

MARIAN.

It is not that.

ROBIN.

That! I believe thou fell'st into the hands
Of these same Moors thro' nature's baseness,
criedst
'I yield' almost before the thing was ask'd,
And thro' thy lack of manhood hast betray'd

Thy father to the losing of his land.
Come, boy! 't is but to see if thou canst fence.
Draw! [*Draws.*

MARIAN.

No, Sir Earl, I will not fight to-day.

ROBIN.

To-morrow then?

MARIAN.

Well, I will fight to-morrow.

ROBIN.

Give me thy glove upon it.

MARIAN (*pulls off her glove and gives it to him*).

There!

ROBIN.

O God!
What sparkles in the moonlight on thy hand?
[*Takes her hand.*
In that great heat to wed her to the sheriff
Thou hast robb'd my girl of her betrothal ring.

MARIAN.

No, no!

ROBIN.

What! do I not know mine own ring?

MARIAN.

I keep it for her.

ROBIN.

Nay, she swore it never
Should leave her finger. Give it me, by heaven,
Or I will force it from thee.

MARIAN.

O Robin, Robin!

ROBIN.

O my dear Marian,
Is it thou? is it thou? I fall before thee, clasp
Thy knees. I am ashamed. Thou shalt not marry
The sheriff, but abide with me who love thee.

[*She moves from him, the moonlight falls upon her.*

O, look! before the shadow of these dark oaks
Thou seem'st a saintly splendour out from heaven,
Clothed with the mystic silver of her moon.
Speak but one word, not only of forgiveness,
But to show thou art mortal.

MARIAN.

Mortal enough,
If love for thee be mortal. Lovers hold

True love immortal. Robin, tho' I love thee,
We cannot come together in this world.
Not mortal! after death, if after death ——

Robin.

Life, life! I know not death. Why do you vex me
With raven-croaks of death and after death?

Marian.

And I and he are passing overseas:
He has a friend there will advance the moneys;
So now the forest lawns are all as bright
As ways to heaven, I pray thee give us guides
To lead us thro' the windings of the wood.

Robin.

Must it be so? If it were so, myself
Would guide you thro' the forest to the sea.
But go not yet, stay with us, and when thy brother ——

Marian.

Robin, I ever held that saying false
That Love is blind, but thou hast proven it true.
Why — even your woodland squirrel sees the nut

Behind the shell, and thee however mask'd
I should have known. But thou — to dream
that he
My brother, my dear Walter — now, perhaps,
Fetter'd and lash'd, a galley-slave, or closed
For ever in a Moorish tower, or wreckt
And dead beneath the midland ocean, he
As gentle as he 's brave — that such as he
Would wrest from me the precious ring I prom-
ised
Never to part with — No, not he, nor any!
I would have battled for it to the death.
[*In her excitement she draws her sword.*
See, thou hast wrong'd my brother and myself.

ROBIN (*kneeling*).

See then, I kneel once more to be forgiven.

*Enter* SCARLET, MUCH, *several of the* FORESTERS, *rushing on.*

SCARLET.

Look! look! he kneels! he has anger'd the
foul witch,
Who melts a waxen image by the fire,
And drains the heart and marrow from a man.

MUCH.

Our Robin beaten, pleading for his life!
Seize on the knight! wrench his sword from him!

[*They all rush on* MARIAN.

ROBIN (*springing up and waving his hand*).

Back!
Back all of you! this is Maid Marian
Flying from John — disguised.

MEN.

Maid Marian? she?

SCARLET.

Captain, we saw thee cowering to a knight
And thought thou wert bewitch'd.

MARIAN.

You dared to dream
That our great earl, the bravest English heart
Since Hereward the Wake, would cower to any
Of mortal build! Weak natures that impute
Themselves to their unlikes, and their own want
Of manhood to their leader! he would break,
Far as he might, the power of John — but you —
What rightful cause could grow to such a heat

As burns a wrong to ashes, if the followers
Of him who heads the movement held him craven?
Robin — I know not, can I trust myself
With your brave band? in some of these may lodge
That baseness which for fear or moneys, might
Betray me to the wild prince.

ROBIN.

No, love, no!
Not any of these, I swear!

MEN.

No, no, we swear.

## SCENE II. — *Another Glade in the Forest.*

ROBIN *and* MARIAN *passing.* *Enter* FORESTER.

FORESTER.

Knight, your good father had his draught of wine,
And then he swooned away. He had been hurt,
And bled beneath his armour. Now he cries,
'The land! the land!' Come to him.

MARIAN.

O my poor father!

ROBIN.

Stay with us in this wood till he recover.
We know all balms and simples of the field
To help a wound. Stay with us here, sweet love,
Maid Marian, till thou wed what man thou wilt.
All here will prize thee, honour, worship thee,
Crown thee with flowers; and he will soon be well:
All will be well.

MARIAN.

O, lead me to my father!

[*As they are going out, enter* LITTLE JOHN *and* KATE, *who falls on the neck of* MARIAN.

KATE.

No, no, false knight, thou canst not hide thyself
From her who loves thee.

LITTLE JOHN.

What!
By all the devils in and out of hell!
Wilt thou embrace thy sweetheart 'fore my face?

Quick with thy sword! the yeoman braves the
knight.
There! (*strikes her with the flat of his sword*).

MARIAN (*laying about her*).

Are the men all mad? there then, and there!

KATE.

O, hold thy hand! this is our Marian.

LITTLE JOHN.

What! with this skill of fence! let go mine arm.

ROBIN.

Down with thy sword! she is my queen and
thine,
The mistress of the band.

MARIAN (*sheathing her sword*).

A maiden now
Were ill-bested in these dark days of John,
Except she could defend her innocence.
O, lead me to my father!
[*Exeunt* ROBIN *and* MARIAN.

LITTLE JOHN.

Speak to me,
I am like a boy now going to be whipt;

I know I have done amiss, have been a fool;
Speak to me, Kate, and say you pardon me!

Kate.

I never will speak word to thee again.
What! to mistrust the girl you say you love
Is to mistrust your own love for your girl!
How should you love if you mistrust your love?

Little John.

O Kate, true love and jealousy are twins,
And love is joyful, innocent, beautiful,
And jealousy is wither'd, sour, and ugly;
Yet are they twins and always go together.

Kate.

Well, well, until they cease to go together,
I am but a stone and a dead stock to thee.

Little John.

I thought I saw thee clasp and kiss a man,
And it was but a woman. Pardon me.

Kate.

Ay, for I much disdain thee; but if ever
Thou see me clasp and kiss a man indeed,
I will again be thine, and not till then. [*Exit.*

LITTLE JOHN.

I have been a fool, and I have lost my Kate.
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* ROBIN.

ROBIN.

He dozes. I have left her watching him.
She will not marry till her father yield.
The old man dotes.
Nay — and she will not marry till Richard come,
And that 's at latter Lammas — never perhaps.
Besides, tho' Friar Tuck might make us one,
An outlaw's bride may not be wife in law.
I am weary. [*Lying down on a bank.*
What 's here? a dead bat in the fairy ring —
Yes, I remember, Scarlet hacking down
A hollow ash, a bat flew out at him
In the clear noon, and hook'd him by the hair,
And he was scared and slew it. My men say
The fairies haunt this glade; — if one could catch
A glimpse of them and of their fairy queen —
Have our loud pastimes driven them all away?
I never saw them; yet I could believe
There came some evil fairy at my birth
And cursed me, as the last heir of my race:

'This boy will never wed the maid he loves,
Nor leave a child behind him' (*yawns*). Weary
— weary
As tho' a spell were on me (*he dreams*).

[*The whole stage lights up, and fairies are seen swinging on boughs and nestling in hollow trunks.*

TITANIA *on a hill.* FAIRIES *on either side of her. The moon above the hill.*

FIRST FAIRY.

Evil fairy! do you hear?
So he said who lieth here.

SECOND FAIRY.

We be fairies of the wood,
We be neither bad nor good.

FIRST FAIRY.

Back and side and hip and rib,
Nip, nip him for his fib.

TITANIA.

Nip him not, but let him snore.
We must flit for evermore.

FIRST FAIRY.

Tit, my queen, must it be so?
Wherefore, wherefore should we go?

TITANIA.

I Titania bid you flit,
And you dare to call me Tit.

FIRST FAIRY.

Tit, for love and brevity,
Not for love of levity.

TITANIA.

Pertest of our flickering mob,
Wouldst thou call my Oberon Ob?

FIRST FAIRY.

Nay, an please your Elfin Grace,
Never Ob before his face.

TITANIA.

Fairy realm is breaking down
When the fairy slights the crown.

FIRST FAIRY.

No, by wisp and glowworm, no!
Only wherefore should we go?

TITANIA.

We must fly from Robin Hood
And this new queen of the wood.

FIRST FAIRY.

True, she is a goodly thing.
Jealousy, jealousy of the king!

TITANIA.

Nay, for Oberon fled away
Twenty thousand leagues to-day.

CHORUS.

Look, there comes a deputation
From our finikin fairy nation.

*Enter several* FAIRIES.

THIRD FAIRY.

Crush'd my bat whereon I flew,
Found him dead and drench'd in dew,
Queen.

FOURTH FAIRY.

Quash'd my frog that used to quack
When I vaulted on his back,
Queen.

FIFTH FAIRY.

Kill'd the sward where'er they sat,
Queen.

SIXTH FAIRY.

Lusty bracken beaten flat,
Queen.

SEVENTH FAIRY.

Honest daisy deadly bruised,
Queen.

EIGHTH FAIRY.

Modest maiden lily abused,
Queen.

NINTH FAIRY.

Beetle's jewel armour crack'd,
Queen.

TENTH FAIRY.

Reed I rock'd upon broken-back'd,
Queen.

FAIRIES (*in chorus*).

We be scared with song and shout,
Arrows whistle all about.
All our games be put to rout.
All our rings be trampled out.
Lead us thou to some deep glen,
Far from solid foot of men,
Never to return again,
Queen.

TITANIA (*to* FIRST FAIRY).

Elf, with spiteful heart and eye,
Talk of jealousy? You see why
We must leave the wood and fly.

(*To all the* FAIRIES *who sing at intervals with* TITANIA.)

Up with you, out of the forest and over the hills and away,
And over this Robin Hood's bay!
Up thro' the light of the seas by the moon's long-silvering ray!

To a land where the fay,
Not an eye to survey,
In the night, in the day,
Can have frolic and play.
Up with you, all of you, out of it! hear and obey.
Man, lying here alone,
Moody creature,
Of a nature
Stronger, sadder than my own,
Were I human, were I human,
I could love you like a woman,
Man, man,
You shall wed your Marian,
She is true, and you are true.
And you love her and she loves you;
Both be happy, and adieu for ever and for evermore — adieu!

ROBIN (*half waking*).

Shall I be happy? Happy vision, stay.

TITANIA.

Up with you, all of you, off with you, out of it, over the wood and away!

*Note.* — In the stage copy of my play I have had this Fairy Scene transferred to the end of the Third Act, for the sake of modern dramatic effect.

# ACT III.

## THE CROWNING OF MARIAN.

### SCENE I. — *Heart of the forest.*

MARIAN *and* KATE (*in Foresters' green*).

KATE.

What makes you seem so cold to Robin, lady?

MARIAN.

What makes thee think I seem so cold to Robin?

KATE.

You never whisper close as lovers do,
Nor care to leap into each other's arms.

MARIAN.

There is a fence I cannot overleap,
My father's will.

KATE.

Then you will wed the sheriff?

MARIAN.

When heaven falls, I may light on such a lark!
But who art thou to catechize me — thou
That hast not made it up with Little John?

KATE.

I wait till Little John makes up to *me.*

MARIAN.

Why, my good Robin fancied me a man,
And drew his sword upon me, and Little John
Fancied he saw thee clasp and kiss a man.

KATE.

Well, if *he* fancied that *I* fancy a man
Other than *him,* he is *not* the man for me.

MARIAN.

And that would quite *un*man him, heart and soul,
For both are thine.
(*Looking up.*)
But listen — overhead —
Fluting, and piping, and luting, 'Love, love, love' —
Those sweet tree-Cupids half-way up in heaven,
The birds — would I were one of 'em! O good Kate —

If my man-Robin were but a bird-Robin,
How happily would we lilt among the leaves,
'Love, love, love, love' — what merry madness
— listen!
And let them warm thy heart to Little John.
Look where he comes!

KATE.

I will not meet him yet,
I'll watch him from behind the trees, but call
Kate when you will, for I am close at hand.

KATE *stands aside and enter* ROBIN, *and after him at a little distance* LITTLE JOHN, MUCH *the miller's son, and* SCARLET *with an oaken chaplet, and other* FORESTERS.

LITTLE JOHN.

My lord — Robin — I crave pardon — you always seem to me my lord — I Little John, he Much the miller's son, and he Scarlet, honouring all womankind, and more especially my lady Marian, do here, in the name of all our woodmen, present her with this oaken chaplet as queen of the wood, I Little John, he, young Scarlet, and he, old Much, and all the rest of us.

MUCH.

And I, old Much, say as much, for being every inch a man I honour every inch of a woman.

ROBIN.

Friend Scarlet, art thou less a man than Much? Why art thou mute? Dost thou not honour woman?

SCARLET.

Robin, I do, but I have a bad wife.

ROBIN.

Then let her pass as an exception, Scarlet.

SCARLET.

So I would, Robin, if any man would accept her.

MARIAN (*puts on the chaplet*).

Had I a bulrush now in this right hand
For sceptre, I were like a queen indeed.
Comrades, I thank you for your loyalty,
And take and wear this symbol of your love;
And, were my kindly father sound again,
Could live as happy as the larks in heaven,
And join your feasts and all your forest games

As far as maiden might. Farewell, good fellows!

[*Exeunt several foresters, the others withdraw to the back.*

ROBIN.

Sit here by me, where the most beaten track
Runs thro' the forest, hundreds of huge oaks,
Gnarl'd — older than the thrones of Europe — look,
What breadth, height, strength — torrents of eddying bark!
Some hollow-hearted from exceeding age —
That never be thy lot or mine! — and some
Pillaring a leaf-sky on their monstrous boles,
Sound at the core as we are. Fifty leagues
Of woodland hear and know my horn, that scares
The baron at the torture of his churls,
The pillage of his vassals.
O maiden-wife,
The oppression of our people moves me so
That, when I think of it hotly, Love himself
Seems but a ghost, but when thou feel'st with me
The ghost returns to Marian, clothes itself
In maiden flesh and blood, and looks at once
Maid Marian, and that maiden freedom which

Would never brook the tyrant. Live thou maiden!
Thou art more my wife so feeling, than if my wife
And siding with these proud priests, and these barons,
Devils, that make this blessed England hell.

MARIAN.

Earl ——

ROBIN.

Nay, no earl am I. I am English yeoman.

MARIAN.

Then *I* am yeo-woman. O the clumsy word!

ROBIN.

Take thou this light kiss for thy clumsy word.
Kiss me again.

MARIAN.

Robin, I will not kiss thee,
For that belongs to marriage; but I hold thee
The husband of my heart, the noblest light
That ever flash'd across my life, and I
Embrace thee with the kisses of the soul.

ROBIN.

I thank thee.

*"Robin, I will not kiss thee."*

THE FORESTERS.

Photogravure from photograph.

MARIAN.

Scarlet told me — is it true? —
That John last week return'd to Nottingham,
And all the foolish world is pressing thither.

ROBIN.

Sit here, my queen, and judge the world with me.
Doubtless, like judges of another bench,
However wise, we must at times have wrought
Some great injustice, yet, far as we knew,
We never robb'd one friend of the true King.
We robb'd the traitors that are leagued with John;
We robb'd the lawyer who went against the law;
We spared the craftsman, chapman, all that live
By their own hands, the labourer, the poor priest;
We spoil'd the prior, friar, abbot, monk,
For playing upside down with Holy Writ.
'Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor;'
Take all they have and give it to thyself!
Then after we have eased them of their coins
It is our forest custom they should revel
Along with Robin.

MARIAN.

And if a woman pass ——

ROBIN.

Dear, in these days of Norman license, when
Our English maidens are their prey, if ever
A Norman damsel fell into our hands,
In this dark wood when all was in our power
We never wrong'd a woman.

MARIAN.

Noble Robin.

LITTLE JOHN (*coming forward*).

Here come three beggars.

*Enter the three* BEGGARS.

LITTLE JOHN.

Toll!

FIRST BEGGAR.

Eh! we be beggars, we come to ask o' you. We ha' nothing.

SECOND BEGGAR.

Rags, nothing but our rags.

THIRD BEGGAR.

I have but one penny in pouch, and so you would make it two I should be grateful.

MARIAN.

Beggars, you are sturdy rogues that should be set to work. You are those that tramp the country, filch the linen from the hawthorn, poison the house-dog, and scare lonely maidens at the farmstead. Search them, Little John.

LITTLE JOHN.

These two have forty gold marks between them, Robin.

ROBIN.

Cast them into our treasury, the beggars' mites. Part shall go to the almshouses at Nottingham, part to the shrine of our Lady. Search this other.

LITTLE JOHN.

He hath, as he said, but one penny.

ROBIN.

Leave it with him and add a gold mark thereto. He hath spoken truth in a world of lies.

THIRD BEGGAR.

I thank you, my lord.

LITTLE JOHN.

A fine, a fine! he hath called plain Robin a lord. How much for a beggar?

Robin.

Take his penny and leave him his gold mark.

Little John.

Sit there, knaves, till the captain call for you.

[ *They pass behind the trunk of an oak on the right.*

Marian.

Art thou not hard upon them, my good Robin?

Robin.

They might be harder upon thee, if met in a black lane at midnight: the throat might gape before the tongue could cry who?

Little John.

Here comes a citizen, and I think his wife.

*Enter* Citizen *and* Wife.

Citizen.

That business which we have in Nottingham ——

Little John.

Halt!

Citizen.

O dear wife, we have fallen into the hands
Of Robin Hood.

MARIAN.

And Robin Hood hath sworn —
Shame on thee, Little John, thou hast forgotten —
That by the blessed Mother no man, so
His own true wife came with him, should be stay'd
From passing onward. Fare you well, fair lady!
[*Bowing to her.*

ROBIN.

And may your business thrive in Nottingham!

CITIZEN.

I thank you, noble sir, the very blossom
Of bandits. Courtesy to him, wife, and thank him.

WIFE.

I thank you, noble sir, and will pray for you
That *you* may thrive, but in some kindlier trade.

CITIZEN.

Away, away, wife, wilt thou anger him?
[*Exeunt* CITIZEN *and his* WIFE.

LITTLE JOHN.

Here come three friars.

ROBIN.

Marian, thou and thy woman
(*looking round*), —
Why, where is Kate?

MARIAN (*calling*).

Kate!

KATE.

Here!

ROBIN.

Thou and thy woman are a match for three friars. Take thou my bow and arrow, and compel them to pay toll.

MARIAN.

Toll!

*Enter three* FRIARS.

FIRST FRIAR (*advancing*).

Behold a pretty Dian of the wood,
Prettier than that same widow which you wot of.
Ha, brother! Toll, my dear? the toll of love.

MARIAN (*drawing bow*).

Back! how much money hast thou in thy purse?

FIRST FRIAR.

Thou art playing with us. How should poor friars have money?

MARIAN.

How much? how much? Speak, or the arrow flies.

FIRST FRIAR.

How much? well, now I bethink me, I have one mark in gold which a pious son of the Church gave me this morning on my setting forth.

MARIAN (*bending bow at the second*).

And thou?

SECOND FRIAR.

Well, as he said, one mark in gold.

MARIAN (*bending bow at the third*).

And thou?

THIRD FRIAR.

One mark in gold.

MARIAN.

Search them, Kate, and see if they have spoken truth.

KATE.

They are all marked men. They have told but a tenth of the truth: they have each ten marks in gold.

MARIAN.

Leave them each what they say is theirs, and take the twenty-seven marks to the captain's treasury. Sit there till you be called for.

FIRST FRIAR.

We have fallen into the hands of Robin Hood.

[MARIAN *and* KATE *return to* ROBIN.
[*The* FRIARS *pass behind an oak on the left.*

ROBIN.

Honour to thee, brave Marian, and thy Kate!
I know them arrant knaves in Nottingham.
One half of this shall go to those they have wrong'd,
One half shall pass into our treasury.
Where lies that cask of wine whereof we plunder'd
The Norman prelate?

LITTLE JOHN.

In that oak, where twelve
Can stand upright, nor touch each other.

ROBIN.

Good!
Roll it in here. These friars, thieves, and liars,
Shall drink the health of our new woodland queen.
And they shall pledge thee, Marian, loud enough
To fright the wild swan passing overhead,
The mouldwarp underfoot.

MARIAN.

*They* pledge me, Robin?
The silent blessing of one honest man
Is heard in heaven — the wassail yells of thief
And rogue and liar echo down in hell,
And wake the devil, and I may sicken by 'em.
Well, well, be it so, thou strongest thief of all,
For thou hast stolen my will, and made it thine.

FRIAR TUCK, LITTLE JOHN, MUCH, *and* SCARLET *roll in cask.*

FRIAR TUCK.

I marvel is it sack or Malvoisie?

ROBIN.

Do me the service to tap it, and thou wilt know.

FRIAR TUCK.

I would tap myself in thy service, Robin.

ROBIN.

And thou wouldst run more wine than blood.

FRIAR TUCK.

And both at thy service, Robin.

ROBIN.

I believe thee, thou art a good fellow, though a friar. [*They pour the wine into cups.*

FRIAR TUCK.

Fill to the brim. Our Robin, King o' the woods,
Wherever the horn sound, and the buck bound,
Robin, the people's friend, the King o' the woods! [*They drink.*

ROBIN.

To the brim and over till the green earth drink
Her health along with us in this rich draught,
And answer it in flowers! The Queen o' the woods,

Wherever the buck bound, and the horn sound,
Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods!

[*They drink.*

Here, you three rogues,

[*To the* BEGGARS. *They come out.*

You caught a lonely woodman of our band,
And bruised him almost to the death, and took
His moneys.

THIRD BEGGAR.

Captain, nay, it was n't me.

ROBIN.

You ought to dangle up there among the crows.
Drink to the health of our new Queen o' the woods,
Or else be bound and beaten.

FIRST BEGGAR.

Sir, sir — well,
We drink the health of thy new Queen o' the woods.

ROBIN.

Louder! louder! Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods!

BEGGARS (*shouting*).

Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods! Queen o' the woods!

FIRST *and* SECOND BEGGARS (*aside*).

The black fiend grip her! [*They drink.*

ROBIN (*to the* FRIARS).

And you three holy men,
[*They come out.*
You worshippers of the Virgin, one of you
Shamed a too trustful widow whom you heard
In her confession; and another — worse! —
An innocent maid. Drink to the Queen o' the woods,
Or else be bound and beaten.

FIRST FRIAR.

Robin Hood,
These be the lies the people tell of us,
Because we seek to curb their viciousness.
However — to this maid, this Queen o' the woods!

ROBIN.

Louder, louder, ye knaves! Maid Marian!
Queen o' the woods!

FRIARS (*shouting*).

Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods!

FIRST FRIAR (*aside*).

Maid?

SECOND FRIAR (*aside*).

Paramour!

THIRD FRIAR (*aside*).

Hell take her!

[*They drink.*

FRIAR TUCK.

Robin, will you not hear one of these beggars' catches? They can do it. I have heard 'em in the market at Mansfield.

LITTLE JOHN.

No, my lord, hear ours — Robin — I crave pardon, I always think of you as my lord, but I may still say my lady; and, my lady, Kate and I have fallen out again, and I pray you to come between us again, for, my lady, we have made a song in your honour, so your ladyship care to listen.

ROBIN.

Sing, and by Saint Mary these beggars and these friars shall join you. Play the air, Little John.

LITTLE JOHN.

Air and word, my lady, are maid and man. Join them and they are a true marriage; and so, I pray you, my lady, come between me

and my Kate, and make us one again. Scarlet, begin. [*Playing the air on his viol.*

SCARLET.

By all the deer that spring
Thro' wood and lawn and ling,
  When all the leaves are green;
By arrow and gray goosewing,
When horn and echo ring,
We care so much for a King;
  We care not much for a Queen —
    For a Queen, for a Queen o' the woods.

MARIAN.

Do you call that in my honour?

SCARLET.

Bitters before dinner, my lady, to give you a relish. The first part — made before you came among us — they put it upon me because I have a bad wife. I love you all the same. Proceed. [*All the rest sing.*

By all the leaves of spring,
And all the birds that sing
  When all the leaves are green;
By arrow and by bowstring,
We care so much for a King
  That we would die for a Queen —
    For a Queen, for a Queen o' the woods.

*Enter* FORESTER.

FORESTER.

Black news, black news from Nottingham! I grieve
I am the raven who croaks it. My lord John,
In wrath because you drove him from the forest,
Is coming with a swarm of mercenaries
To break our band and scatter us to the winds.

MARIAN.

O Robin, Robin! See that men be set
Along the glades and passes of the wood
To warn us of his coming! then each man
That owns a wife or daughter, let him bury her
Even in the bowels of the earth to scape
The glance of John ——

ROBIN.

You hear your Queen, obey!

## ACT IV.

## THE CONCLUSION.

SCENE.—*A forest bower, cavern in background. Sunrise.*

MARIAN (*rising to meet Robin*).

Robin, the sweet light of a mother's eye,
That beam of dawn upon the opening flower,
Has never glanced upon me when a child.
He was my father, mother, both in one.
The love that children owe to both I give
To him alone.

(ROBIN *offers to caress her.*)

MARIAN.

Quiet, good Robin, quiet!
You lovers are such clumsy summer-flies
For ever buzzing at your lady's face.

ROBIN.

Bees rather, flying to the flower for honey.

MARIAN (*sings*).

The bee buzz'd up in the heat:
'I am faint for your honey, my sweet.'
The flower said, 'Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!'
'Hum!'
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
'Have you still any honey, my dear?'
She said, 'It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!'
'Hum!'
And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

ROBIN.

Out on thy song!

MARIAN.

Did I not sing it in tune?

ROBIN.

No, sweetheart! out of tune with Love and me.

MARIAN.

And yet in tune with Nature and the bees.

ROBIN.

Out on it, I say, as out of tune and time!

MARIAN.

Till thou thyself shalt come to sing it — in time.

ROBIN (*taking a tress of her hair in his hand*).

Time! if his backward-working alchemy
Should change this gold to silver, why, the silver
Were dear as gold, the wrinkle as the dimple.
Thy bee should buzz about the court of John.
No ribald John is Love, no wanton prince,
The ruler of an hour, but lawful King,
Whose writ will run thro' all the range of life.
Out upon all hard-hearted maidenhood!

MARIAN.

And out upon all simple bachelors!
Ah, well! thou seest the land has come between us,
And my sick father here has come between us,
And this rich sheriff too has come between us;
So, is it not all over now between us?
Gone, like a deer that hath escaped thine arrow!

ROBIN.

What deer when I have mark'd him ever yet
Escaped mine arrow? over is it? wilt thou
Give me thy hand on that?

MARIAN.

Take it.

ROBIN (*kisses her hand*).

The sheriff!
This ring cries out against thee. Say it again,
And, by this ring, the lips that never breathed
Love's falsehood to true maid will seal Love's truth
On those sweet lips that dare to dally with it.

MARIAN.

Quiet, quiet! or I will to my father.

ROBIN.

So, then, thy father will not grace our feast
With his white beard to-day.

MARIAN.

Being so sick
How should he, Robin?

ROBIN.

Then that bond he hath
Of the abbot — wilt thou ask him for it?

MARIAN.

Why?

ROBIN.

I have sent to the abbot and justiciary
To bring their counter-bond into the forest.

MARIAN.

But will they come?

ROBIN.

If not I have let them know
Their lives unsafe in any of these our woods,
And in the winter I will fire their farms.
But I have sworn by our Lady if they come
I will not tear the bond, but see fair play
Betwixt them and Sir Richard — promised too,
So that they deal with us like honest men,
They shall be handled with all courteousness.

MARIAN.

What wilt thou do with the bond then?

ROBIN.

Wait and see.
What wilt thou do with the sheriff?

MARIAN.

Wait and see.
I bring the bond. [*Exit* MARIAN.

*Enter* LITTLE JOHN, FRIAR TUCK, *and* MUCH, *and* FORESTERS *and* PEASANTS *laughing and talking.*

ROBIN.

Have you glanced down thro' all the forest ways,
And mark'd if those two knaves from York be coming?

LITTLE JOHN.

Not yet, but here comes one of bigger mould.

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

Art thou a knight?

KING RICHARD.

I am.

ROBIN.

And walkest here
Unarmour'd? all these walks are Robin Hood's,
And sometimes perilous.

KING RICHARD.

Good! but having lived
For twenty days and nights in mail, at last
I crawl'd like a sick crab from my old shell,
That I might breathe for a moment free of shield
And cuirass in this forest where I dream'd

That all was peace — not even a Robin Hood —
(*Aside*) What if these knaves should know me
for their King?

ROBIN.

Art thou for Richard, or allied to John?

KING RICHARD.

I *am* allied to John.

ROBIN.

The worse for thee.

KING RICHARD.

Art thou that banish'd lord of Huntingdon,
The chief of these outlaws who break the law?

ROBIN.

I am the yeoman, plain Robin Hood, and being out of the law how should we break the law? if we broke into it again we should break the law, and then we were no longer outlaws.

KING RICHARD.

But, earl, if thou be he ——

FRIAR TUCK.

Fine him! fine him! he hath called plain Robin an earl. How much is it, Robin, for a knight?

ROBIN.

A mark.

KING RICHARD (*gives it*).

There.

ROBIN.

Thou payest easily, like a good fellow,
But being o' John's side we must have thy gold.

KING RICHARD.

But I am more for Richard than for John.

ROBIN.

What, what, a truckler! a word-eating coward!
Nay, search him then. How much hast thou about thee?

KING RICHARD.

I had one mark.

ROBIN.

What more?

KING RICHARD.

No more, I think.
But how then if I will not bide to be search'd?

ROBIN.

We are four to one.

KING RICHARD.

And I might deal with four.

ROBIN.

Good, good, I love thee for that! but if I wind
This forest-horn of mine I can bring down
Fourscore tall fellows on thee.

KING RICHARD.

Search me then.
I should be hard beset with thy fourscore.

LITTLE JOHN (*searching* KING RICHARD).

Robin, he hath no more. He hath spoken truth.

ROBIN.

I am glad of it. Give him back his gold again.

KING RICHARD.

But I had liefer than this gold again —
Not having broken fast the livelong day —
Something to eat.

ROBIN.

And thou shalt have it, man.
Our feast is yonder, spread beneath an oak,
Venison, and wild boar, wild goose, besides
Hedge-pigs, a savoury viand, so thou be
Squeamish at eating the King's venison.

KING RICHARD.

Nay, Robin, I am like thyself in that
I look on the King's venison as my own.

FRIAR TUCK.

Ay, ay, Robin, but let him know our forest laws: he that pays not for his dinner must fight for it. In the sweat of thy brow, says Holy Writ, shalt thou eat bread, but in the sweat of thy brow and thy breast, and thine arms, and thy legs, and thy heart, and thy liver, and in the fear of thy life shalt thou eat the King's venison — ay, and so thou fight at quarterstaff for thy dinner with our Robin, that will give thee a new zest for it, though thou wert like a bottle full up to the cork, or as hollow as a kex, or the shambles-oak, or a weasel-sucked egg, or the head of a fool, or the heart of Prince John, or any other symbol of vacuity.

[*They bring out the quarterstaffs, and the foresters and peasants crowd round to see the games, and applaud at intervals.*

KING RICHARD.

Great woodland King, I know not quarterstaff.

LITTLE JOHN.

A fine! a fine! He hath called plain Robin a king.

ROBIN.

A shadow, a poetical fiction — did ye not call me king in your song? — a mere figure. Let it go by.

FRIAR TUCK.

No figure, no fiction, Robin. What, is not man a hunting animal? And look you now, if we kill a stag, our dogs have their paws cut off, and the hunters, if caught, are blinded, or worse than blinded. Is that to be a king? If the King and the law work injustice, is not he that goes against the King and the law the true King in the sight of the King of kings? Thou art the King of the forest, and I would thou wert the King of the land.

KING RICHARD.

This friar is of much boldness, noble captain.

ROBIN.

He hath got it from the bottle, noble knight.

FRIAR TUCK.

Boldness out of the bottle! I defy thee.
Boldness is in the blood, Truth in the bottle.
She lay so long at the bottom of her well
In the cold water that she lost her voice,
And so she glided up into the heart
O' the bottle, the warm wine, and found it again.
*In vino veritas.* Shall I undertake
The knight at quarterstaff, or thou?

ROBIN.

Peace, magpie!
Give him the quarterstaff. Nay, but thyself
Shalt play a bout with me, that he may see
The fashion of it.
[*Plays with* LITTLE JOHN *at quarterstaff.*

KING RICHARD.

Well, then, let me try. [*They play.*
I yield, I yield. I know no quarterstaff.

ROBIN.

Then thou shalt play the game of buffets with us.

KING RICHARD.

What's that?

ROBIN.

I stand up here, thou there. I give thee
A buffet, and thou me. The Holy Virgin
Stand by the strongest! I am overbreathed,
Friar, by my two bouts at quarterstaff.
Take him and try him, friar.

FRIAR TUCK.

There! [*Strikes.*

KING RICHARD (*strikes*).

There! [FRIAR *falls.*

FRIAR TUCK.

There!
Thou hast roll'd over the Church militant
Like a tod of wool from wagon into warehouse.
Nay, I defy thee still. Try me an hour hence.
I am misty with my thimbleful of ale.

ROBIN.

Thou seest, Sir Knight, our friar is so holy
That he 's a miracle-monger, and can make
Five quarts pass into a thimble. Up, good Much.

FRIAR TUCK.

And show thyself more of a man than me.

MUCH.

Well, no man yet has ever bowl'd me down.

SCARLET.

Ay, for old Much is every inch a man.

ROBIN.

We should be all the more beholden to him.

MUCH.

Much and more! much and more! I am the oldest of thy men, and thou and thy youngsters are always muching and moreing me.

ROBIN.

Because thou art always so much more of a man than my youngsters, old Much.

MUCH.

Well, we Muches be old.

ROBIN.

Old as the hills.

MUCH.

Old as the mill. We had it i' the Red King's time, and so I *may* be more of a man than to be bowled over like a ninepin. There! [*Strikes.*

KING RICHARD.

There! [MUCH *falls.*

ROBIN.

'Much would have more,' says the proverb; but Much hath had more than enough. Give me thy hand, Much; I love thee (*lifts him up*). At him, Scarlet.

SCARLET.

I cannot cope with him: my wrist is strain'd.

KING RICHARD.

Try, thyself, valorous Robin!

ROBIN.

I am mortally afeard o' thee, thou big man,
But seeing valour is one against all odds,
There!

KING RICHARD.

There! [ROBIN *falls back, and is caught in the arms of* LITTLE JOHN.

ROBIN.

Good, now I love thee mightily, thou tall fellow.
Break thine alliance with this faithless John,
And live with us and the birds in the green wood.

KING RICHARD.

I cannot break it, Robin, if I wish'd.
Still I am more for Richard than for John.

LITTLE JOHN.

Look, Robin, at the far end of the glade
I see two figures crawling up the hill.
[*Distant sound of trumpets.*

ROBIN.

The Abbot of York and his justiciary.

KING RICHARD (*aside*).

They know me. I must not as yet be known.
Friends, your free sports have swallow'd my free hour.

Farewell at once, for I must hence upon
The King's affair.

ROBIN.

Not taste his venison first?

FRIAR TUCK.

Hast thou not fought for it, and earn'd it? Stay,
Dine with my brethren here, and on thine own.

KING RICHARD.

And which be they?

FRIAR TUCK.

Wild geese, for how canst thou be thus allied
With John, and serve King Richard save thou be
A traitor or a goose? but stay with Robin;
For Robin is no scatterbrains like Richard,
Robin 's a wise man, Richard a wiseacre,
Robin 's an outlaw, but he helps the poor;
While Richard hath outlaw'd himself, and helps
Nor rich nor poor. Richard 's the king of courtesy;
For if he did me the good grace to kick me
I could but sneak and smile and call it courtesy,
For he 's a king.
And that is only courtesy *by* courtesy —
But Robin is a thief of courtesy

Whom they that suffer by him call the blossom
Of bandits. There — to be a thief of courtesy —
There is a trade of genius, there 's glory!
Again, this Richard sacks and wastes a town
With random pillage, but our Robin takes
From whom he knows are hypocrites and liars.
Again, this Richard risks his life for a straw,
So lies in prison — while our Robin's life
Hangs by a thread, but he is a free man.
Richard, again, is King over a realm
He hardly knows, and Robin King of Sherwood,
And loves and dotes on every dingle of it.
Again, this Richard is the lion of Cyprus,
Robin the lion of Sherwood — may this mouth
Never suck grape again, if our true Robin
Be not the nobler lion of the twain!

KING RICHARD.

Gramercy for thy preachment! if the land
Were rulable by tongue, thou shouldst be King.
And yet thou know'st how little of thy King!
What was this realm of England, all the crowns
Of all this world, to Richard when he flung
His life, heart, soul into those holy wars
That sought to free the tomb-place of the King
Of all the world? thou, that art churchman too

In a fashion, and shouldst feel with him. Farewell!
I left mine horse and armour with a squire,
And I must see to 'em.

ROBIN.

When wilt thou return?

KING RICHARD.

Return, I? when? when Richard will return.

ROBIN.

No sooner? when will that be? canst thou tell?
But I have ta'en a sudden fancy to thee.
Accept this horn! if e'er thou be assail'd
In any of our forests, blow upon it
Three mots, this fashion — listen! (*blows*) Canst thou do it? [KING RICHARD *blows*.
Blown like a true son of the woods. Farewell!
[*Exit* KING RICHARD.

*Enter* ABBOT *and* JUSTICIARY.

FRIAR TUCK.

Church and Law, halt and pay toll!

JUSTICIARY.

Rogue, we have thy captain's safe-conduct; though he be the chief of rogues, he hath never broken his word.

ABBOT.

There is our bond.

[*Gives it to* ROBIN.

ROBIN.

I thank thee.

JUSTICIARY.

Ay, but where,
Where is this old Sir Richard of the Lea?
Thou told'st us we should meet him in the forest,
Where he would pay us down his thousand marks.

ROBIN.

Give him another month, and he will pay it.

JUSTICIARY.

We cannot give him a month.

ROBIN.

Why, then a week.

JUSTICIARY.

No, not an hour: the debt is due to-day.

ABBOT.

Where is this laggard Richard of the Lea?

ROBIN.

He hath been hurt, was growing whole again,
Only this morning, in his agony

Lest he should fail to pay these thousand marks,
He is stricken with a slight paralysis.
Have you no pity? must you see the man?

JUSTICIARY.

Ay, ay, what else? how else can this be settled?

ROBIN.

Go, men, and fetch him hither on the litter.
[SIR RICHARD LEA *is brought in.*
MARIAN *comes with him.*

MARIAN.

Here is my father's bond. [*Gives it to* ROBIN HOOD.

ROBIN.

I thank thee, dear.

JUSTICIARY.

Sir Richard, it was agreed when you borrowed these moneys from the abbot that, if they were not repaid within a limited time, your land should be forfeit.

SIR RICHARD.

The land! the land!

MARIAN.

You see he is past himself.
What would you more?

ABBOT.

What more? one thousand marks,
Or else the land.
You hide this damsel in your forest here,
[*Pointing to* MARIAN.
You hope to hold and keep her for yourself,
You heed not how you soil her maiden fame,
You scheme against her father's weal and hers;
For, so this maid would wed our brother, he
Would pay us all the debt at once, and thus
This old Sir Richard might redeem his land.
He is all for love, he cares not for the land.

SIR RICHARD.

The land, the land!

ROBIN (*giving two bags to the* ABBOT).

Here be one thousand marks
Out of our treasury to redeem the land.
[*Pointing to each of the bags.*
Half here, half there. [*Plaudits from his band.*

JUSTICIARY.

Ay, ay, but there is use, four hundred marks.

ROBIN (*giving a bag to* JUSTICIARY).

There then, four hundred marks. [*Plaudits.*

JUSTICIARY.

What did I say?
Nay, my tongue tript — five hundred marks for use.

ROBIN (*giving another bag to him*).

A hundred more? There then, a hundred more.
[*Plaudits.*

JUSTICIARY.

Ay, ay, but you see the bond and the letter of the law. It is stated there that these moneys should be paid in to the abbot at York, at the end of the month at noon, and they are delivered here in the wild wood an hour after noon.

MARIAN.

The letter — O, how often justice drowns
Between the law and letter of the law!
O God, I would the letter of the law
Were some strong fellow here in the wild wood,
That thou mightst beat him down at quarter-staff!
Have you no pity?

JUSTICIARY.

You run down your game,
We ours. What pity have you for your game?

ROBIN.

We needs must live. Our bowmen are so true
They strike the deer at once to death — he falls
And knows no more.

MARIAN.

Pity, pity! — There was a man of ours
Up in the north, a goodly fellow too,
He met a stag there on so narrow a ledge —
A precipice above, and one below —
There was no room to advance or to retire.
The man lay down — the delicate-footed creature
Came stepping o'er him, so as not to harm him —
The hunter's passion flash'd into the man,
He drove his knife into the heart of the deer,
The deer fell dead to the bottom, and the man
Fell with him, and was crippled ever after.
I fear I had small pity for that man. —
You have the moneys and the use of them.
What would you more?

JUSTICIARY.

What? must we dance attendance all the day?

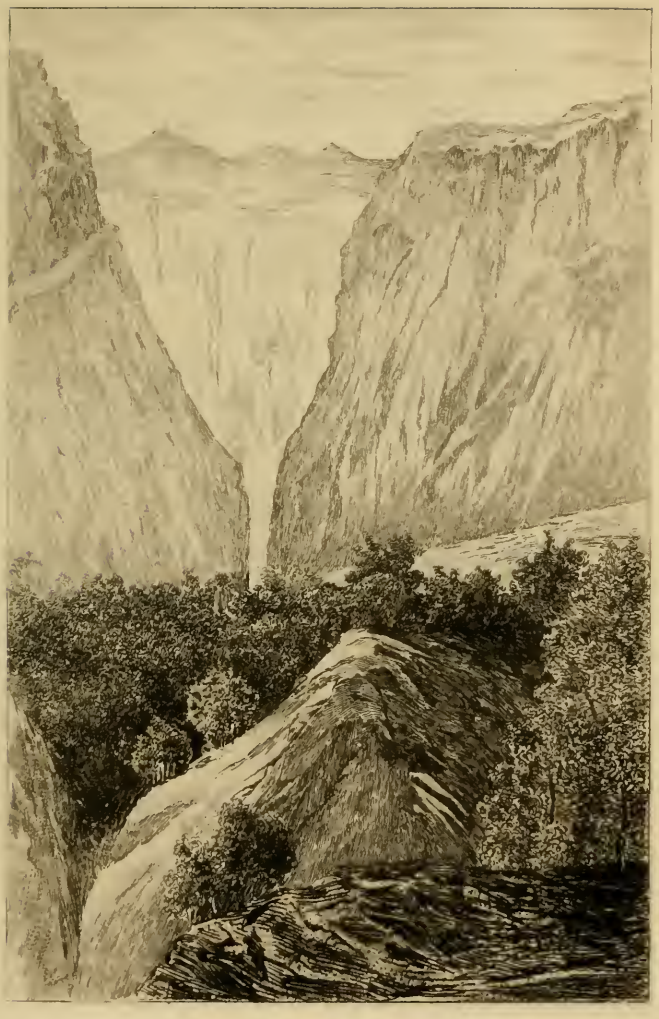
ROBIN.

Dance! ay, by all the saints and all the devils, ye shall dance! When the Church and the

*"On so narrow a ledge—*
*A precipice above, and one below—"*

THE FORESTERS.

Etching by J. Howland.



Law have forgotten God's music, they shall dance to the music of the wild wood. Let the birds sing, and do you dance to their song! What, you will not? Strike up our music, Little John. (*He plays.*) They will not! Prick 'em in the calves with the arrow-points — prick 'em in the calves!

ABBOT.

Rogue, I am full of gout. I cannot dance.

ROBIN.

And Sir Richard cannot redeem his land. Sweat out your gout, friend, for, by my life, you shall dance till he can. Prick him in the calves!

JUSTICIARY.

Rogue, I have a swollen vein in my right leg, and if thou prick me there I shall die.

ROBIN.

Prick him where thou wilt, so that he dance.

ABBOT.

Rogue, we come not alone.

JUSTICIARY.

Not the right.

ABBOT.

We told the prince and the sheriff of our coming.

JUSTICIARY.

Take the left leg, for the love of God.

ABBOT.

They follow us.

JUSTICIARY.

You will all of you hang.

ROBIN.

Let us hang, so thou dance meanwhile; or, by that same love of God, we will hang *thee*, prince or no prince, sheriff or no sheriff.

JUSTICIARY.

Take care, take care! I dance — I will dance — I dance.

[ABBOT *and* JUSTICIARY *dance to music, each holding a bag in each hand.*

*Enter* SCARLET.

SCARLET.

The sheriff! the sheriff, follow'd by Prince John
And all his mercenaries! We sighted 'em
Only this moment. By Saint Nicholas

They must have sprung like ghosts from underground,
Or, like the devils they are, straight up from hell.

ROBIN.

Crouch all into the bush!

[*The foresters and peasants hide behind the bushes.*

MARIAN.

Take up the litter!

SIR RICHARD.

Move me no more! I am sick and faint with pain!

MARIAN.

But, sir, the sheriff——

SIR RICHARD.

Let me be, I say!
The sheriff will be welcome! let me be!

MARIAN.

Give me my bow and arrows. I remain
Beside my father's litter.

ROBIN.

And fear not thou!
Each of us has an arrow on the cord;
We all keep watch.

*Enter* SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.

SHERIFF.

Marian!

MARIAN.

Speak not. I wait upon a dying father.

SHERIFF.

The debt hath not been paid. She will be mine.
What are you capering for? By old Saint Vitus,
Have you gone mad? Has it been paid?

ABBOT (*dancing*).

O, yes.

SHERIFF.

Have I lost her then?

JUSTICIARY (*dancing*).

Lost her? O, no, we took
Advantage of the letter — O Lord, the vein!
Not paid at York — the wood — prick me no more!

SHERIFF.

What pricks thee, save it be thy conscience, man?

JUSTICIARY.

By my halidome, I felt him at my leg still.
Where be they gone to?

SHERIFF.

Thou art alone in the silence of the forest,
Save for this maiden and thy brother abbot,
And this old crazeling in the litter there.

*Enter on one side* FRIAR TUCK *from the bush, and on the other* PRINCE JOHN *and his* SPEARMEN, *with banners and trumpets, etc.*

JUSTICIARY (*examining his leg*).

They have miss'd the vein.

ABBOT.

And we shall keep the land.

SHERIFF.

Sweet Marian, by the letter of the law
It seems thy father's land is forfeited.

SIR RICHARD.

No! let me out of the litter. He shall wed thee:
The land shall still be mine. Child, thou shalt wed him,
Or thine old father will go mad — he will,
He will — he feels it in his head.

MARIAN.

O, peace!
Father, I cannot marry till Richard comes.

SIR RICHARD.

And then the sheriff!

MARIAN.

Ay, the sheriff, father,
Would buy me for a thousand marks in gold —
Sell me again perchance for twice as much.
A woman's heart is but a little thing,
Much lighter than a thousand marks in gold;
But pity for a father, it may be,
Is weightier than a thousand marks in gold.
I cannot love the sheriff.

SIR RICHARD.

But thou wilt wed him?

MARIAN.

Ay, save King Richard, when he comes, forbid me.
Sweet heavens, I could wish that all the land
Were plunged beneath the waters of the sea,
Tho' all the world should go about in boats.

FRIAR TUCK.

Why, so should all the love-sick be sea-sick.

MARIAN.

Better than heart-sick, friar.

PRINCE JOHN (*to* SHERIFF).

See you not
They are jesting at us yonder, mocking us?
Carry her off, and let the old man die.
[*Advancing to* MARIAN.
Come, girl, thou shalt along with us on the instant.

FRIAR TUCK (*brandishing his staff*).

Then on the instant I will break thy head.

SHERIFF.

Back, thou fool-friar! Knowest thou not the prince?

FRIAR TUCK (*muttering*).

He may be prince; he is not gentleman.

PRINCE JOHN.

Look! I will take the rope from off thy waist,
And twist it round thy neck and hang thee by it.
Seize him and truss him up, and carry her off.
[FRIAR TUCK *slips into the bush.*

MARIAN (*drawing the bow*).

No nearer to me! back! My hand is firm,
Mine eye most true to one hair's-breadth of aim.

You, prince, our King to come — you that dishonour
The daughters and the wives of your own faction —
Who hunger for the body, not the soul —
This gallant prince would have me of his — what?
Household? or shall I call it by that new term
Brought from the sacred East, his harem? Never,
Tho' you should queen me over all the realms
Held by King Richard, could I stoop so low
As mate with one that holds no love is pure,
No friendship sacred, values neither man
Nor woman save as tools — God help the mark! —
To his own unprincely ends. And you, you, sheriff,

[*Turning to the* SHERIFF.

Who thought to buy your marrying me with gold,
Marriage is of the soul, not of the body.
Win me you cannot, murder me you may,
And all I love, Robin, and all his men,
For I am one with him and his; but while
I breathe Heaven's air, and Heaven looks down on me,

And smiles at my best meanings, I remain
Mistress of mine own self and mine own soul.

[*Retreating, with bow drawn, to the bush.*

Robin!

ROBIN.

I am here, my arrow on the cord.
He dies who dares to touch thee.

PRINCE JOHN.

Advance, advance!
What, daunted by a garrulous, arrogant girl!
Seize her, and carry her off into my castle.

SHERIFF.

Thy castle!

PRINCE JOHN.

Said I not, I loved thee, man?
Risk not the love I bear thee for a girl.

SHERIFF.

Thy castle!

PRINCE JOHN.

See thou thwart me not, thou fool!
When Richard comes he is soft enough to pardon
His brother; but all those that held with him,
Except I plead for them, will hang as high
As Haman.

SHERIFF.

She is mine. I have thy promise.

PRINCE JOHN.

O, ay, she shall be thine — first mine, then thine,
For she shall spend her honeymoon with me.

SHERIFF.

Woe to that land shall own thee for her King!

PRINCE JOHN.

Advance, advance!

[*They advance shouting. The* KING *in armour reappears from the wood.*

KING RICHARD.

What shouts are these that ring along the wood?

FRIAR TUCK (*coming forward*).

Hail, knight, and help us. Here is one would clutch
Our pretty Marian for his paramour,
This other, willy-nilly, for his bride.

KING RICHARD.

Damsel, is this the truth?

MARIAN.

Ay, noble knight.

FRIAR TUCK.

Ay, and she will not marry till Richard come.

KING RICHARD (*raising his visor*).

I am here, and I am he.

PRINCE JOHN (*lowering his, and whispering to his men*).

It is not he — his face — tho' very like —
No, no! we have certain news he died in prison.
Make at him, all of you, a traitor coming
In Richard's name — it is not he — not he.
[*The men stand amazed.*

FRIAR TUCK (*going back to the bush*).

Robin, shall we not move?

ROBIN.

It is the King
Who bears all down. Let him alone awhile.
He loves the chivalry of his single arm.
Wait till he blow the horn.

FRIAR TUCK (*coming back*).

If thou be King,
Be not a fool! Why blowest thou not the horn?

KING RICHARD.

I that have turn'd their Moslem crescent pale —
I blow the horn against this rascal rout!

[FRIAR TUCK *plucks the horn from him and blows.* RICHARD *dashes alone against the* SHERIFF *and* JOHN'S *men, and is almost borne down, when* ROBIN *and his men rush in and rescue him.*

KING RICHARD (*to* ROBIN HOOD).

Thou hast saved my head at the peril of thine own.

PRINCE JOHN.

A horse! a horse! I must away at once;
I cannot meet his eyes. I go to Nottingham.
Sheriff, thou wilt find me at Nottingham. [*Exit.*

SHERIFF.

If anywhere, I shall find thee in hell.
What! go to slay his brother, and make *me*
The monkey that should roast his chestnuts for him!

KING RICHARD.

I fear to ask who left us even now.

ROBIN.

I grieve to say it was thy father's son.
Shall I not after him and bring him back?

KING RICHARD.

No, let him be. Sheriff of Nottingham,
[SHERIFF *kneels.*
I have been away from England all these years,
Heading the holy war against the Moslem,
While thou and others in our kingless realms
Were fighting underhand unholy wars
Against your lawful King.

SHERIFF.

My liege, Prince John—

KING RICHARD.

Say thou no word against my brother John.

SHERIFF.

Why then, my liege, I have no word to say.

KING RICHARD (*to* ROBIN).

My good friend Robin, Earl of Huntingdon,
For earl thou art again, hast thou no fetters
For those of thine own band who would betray
thee?

ROBIN.

I have; but these were never worn as yet.
I never found one traitor in my band.

KING RICHARD.

Thou art happier than thy King. Put him in chains.

[*They fetter the* SHERIFF.

ROBIN.

Look o'er these bonds, my liege.
[*Shows the* KING *the bonds. They talk together.*

KING RICHARD.

You, my lord abbot, you justiciary,
[*The* ABBOT *and* JUSTICIARY *kneel.*
I made you abbot, you justiciary:
You both are utter traitors to your King.

JUSTICIARY.

O my good liege, we did believe you dead.

ROBIN.

Was justice dead because the King was dead?
Sir Richard paid his moneys to the abbot.
You crost him with a quibble of your law.

KING RICHARD.

But on the faith and honour of a King
The land is his again.

SIR RICHARD.

The land! the land!
I am crazed no longer, so I have the land.
[*Comes out of the litter and kneels.*
God save the King!

KING RICHARD (*raising* SIR RICHARD).

I thank thee, good Sir Richard.
Maid Marian.

MARIAN.

Yes, King Richard.

KING RICHARD.

Thou wouldst marry
This sheriff when King Richard came again
Except —

MARIAN.

The King forbade it. True, my liege.

KING RICHARD.

How if the King command it?

MARIAN.

Then, my liege,
If you would marry me with a traitor sheriff,
I fear I might prove traitor with the sheriff.

KING RICHARD.

But if the King forbid thy marrying
With Robin, our good Earl of Huntingdon?

MARIAN.

Then will I live for ever in the wild wood.

ROBIN (*coming forward*).

And I with thee.

KING RICHARD.

On nuts and acorns, ha!
Or the King's deer? Earl, thou when we were hence
Hast broken all our Norman forest-laws,
And scruplest not to flaunt it to our face
That thou wilt break our forest laws again
When we are here. Thou art overbold.

ROBIN.

My King,
I am but the echo of the lips of love.

KING RICHARD.

Thou hast risk'd thy life for mine: bind these two men.

[*They take the bags from the* ABBOT *and* JUSTICIARY, *and proceed to fetter them.*

JUSTICIARY.

But will the King, then, judge us all unheard?
I can defend my cause against the traitors
Who fain would make me traitor. If the King
Condemn us without trial, men will call him
An Eastern tyrant, not an English king.

ABBOT.

Besides, my liege, these men are outlaws, thieves,
They break thy forest laws — nay, by the rood,
They have done far worse — they plunder — yea, even bishops,
Yea, even archbishops — if thou side with these,
Beware, O King, the vengeance of the Church.

FRIAR TUCK (*brandishing his staff*).

I pray you, my liege, let me execute the vengeance of the Church upon them. I have a stout crabstick here, which longs to break itself across their backs.

ROBIN.

Keep silence, bully friar, before the King.

FRIAR TUCK.

If a cat may look at a King, may not a friar speak to one?

King Richard.

I have had a year of prison-silence, Robin,
And heed him not — the vengeance of the Church!
Thou shalt pronounce the blessing of the Church
On those two here, Robin and Marian.

Marian.

He is but hedge-priest, Sir King.

King Richard.

And thou their Queen.
Our rebel abbot then shall join your hands,
Or lose all hope of pardon from us — yet
Not now, not now — with after-dinner grace.
Nay, by the dragon of Saint George, we shall
Do some injustice if you hold us here
Longer from our own venison. Where is it?
I scent it in the green leaves of the wood.

Marian.

First, King, a boon!

King Richard.

Why, surely ye are pardon'd,
Even this brawler of harsh truths — I trust

Half truths, good friar: ye shall with us to court.
Then, if ye cannot breathe but woodland air,
Thou, Robin, shalt be ranger of this forest,
And have thy fees, and break the law no more.

MARIAN.

It is not that, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

Then what, my lady?

ROBIN.

This is the gala-day of thy return.
I pray thee for the moment, strike the bonds
From these three men, and let them dine with us,
And lie with us among the flowers, and drink —
Ay, whether it be gall or honey to 'em —
The King's good health in ale and Malvoisie.

KING RICHARD.

By Mahound, I could strive with Beelzebub!
So now which way to the dinner?

MARIAN.

Past the bank
Of foxglove, then to left by that one yew.

You see the darkness thro' the lighter leaf.
But look! who comes?

*Enter* SAILOR.

SAILOR.

We heard Sir Richard Lea was here with Robin.
O good Sir Richard, I am like the man
In Holy Writ, who brought his talent back;
For tho' we touch'd at many pirate ports,
We ever fail'd to light upon thy son.
Here is thy gold again. I am sorry for it.

SIR RICHARD.

The gold — my son — my gold, my son, the land —
Here abbot, sheriff — no — no, Robin Hood.

ROBIN.

Sir Richard, let that wait till we have dined.
Are all our guests here?

KING RICHARD.

No — there 's yet one other:
I will not dine without him. Come from out

*Enter* WALTER LEA.

That oak-tree. This young warrior broke his prison

And join'd my banner in the Holy Land,
And cleft the Moslem turban at my side.
My masters, welcome gallant Walter Lea.
Kiss him, Sir Richard — kiss him, my sweet Marian.

MARIAN.

O Walter, Walter, is it thou indeed
Whose ransom was our ruin, whose return
Builds up our house again? I fear I dream.
Here — give me one sharp pinch upon the cheek
That I may feel thou art no phantom — yet
Thou art tann'd almost beyond my knowing, brother.

[*They embrace.*

WALTER LEA.

But thou art fair as ever, my sweet sister.

SIR RICHARD.

Art thou my son?

WALTER LEA.

I am, good father, I am.

SIR RICHARD.

I had despair'd of thee — that sent me crazed.
Thou art worth thy weight in all those marks of gold,

Yea, and the weight of the very land itself,
Down to the inmost centre.

ROBIN.

Walter Lea,
Give me that hand which fought for Richard there.
Embrace me, Marian, and thou, good Kate,
[*To* KATE *entering.*
Kiss and congratulate me, my good Kate.
[*She kisses him.*

LITTLE JOHN.

Lo now! lo now!
I have seen thee clasp and kiss a man indeed,
For our brave Robin is a man indeed.
Then by thine own account thou shouldst be mine.

KATE.

Well then, who kisses first?

LITTLE JOHN.

Kiss both together.
[*They kiss each other.*

ROBIN.

Then all is well. In this full tide of love,
Wave, heralds, wave: thy match shall follow mine (*to* LITTLE JOHN).

Would there were more — a hundred lovers more
To celebrate this advent of our King!
Our forest games are ended, our free life,
And we must hence to the King's court. I trust
We shall return to the wood. Meanwhile, farewell,
Old friends, old patriarch oaks. A thousand winters
Will strip you bare as death, a thousand summers
Robe you life-green again. *You* seem, as it were,
Immortal, and we mortal. How few Junes
Will heat our pulses quicker! How few frosts
Will chill the hearts that beat for Robin Hood!

MARIAN.

And yet I think these oaks at dawn and even,
Or in the balmy breathings of the night,
Will whisper evermore of Robin Hood.
We leave but happy memories to the forest.
We dealt in the wild justice of the woods.
All those poor serfs whom we have served will bless us,
All those pale mouths which we have fed will praise us —

All widows we have holpen pray for us,
Our Lady's blessed shrines throughout the land
Be all the richer for us. You, good friar,
You Much, you Scarlet, you dear Little John,
Your names will cling like ivy to the wood.
And here perhaps a hundred years away
Some hunter in day-dreams or half asleep
Will hear our arrows whizzing overhead,
And catch the winding of a phantom horn.

ROBIN.

And surely these old oaks will murmur thee,
Marian, along with Robin. I am most happy --
Art thou not mine? — and happy that our King
Is here again, never, I trust, to roam
So far again, but dwell among his own.
Strike up a stave, my masters, all is well.

SONG WHILE THEY DANCE A COUNTRY DANCE.

Now the King is home again, and nevermore to roam again.
Now the King is home again, the King will have his own again,
Home again, home again, and each will have his own again,
All the birds in merry Sherwood sing and sing him home again.

# LATER POEMS.

## JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER.

To ——.

THERE on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

## TO THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

I.

DEAR Master in our classic town,
You, loved by all the younger gown
There at Balliol,
Lay your Plato for one minute down,

II.

And read a Grecian tale re-told,
Which, cast in later Grecian mould,
Quintus Calaber
Somewhat lazily handled of old;

III.

And on this white midwinter day —
For have the far-off hymns of May,
All her melodies,
All her harmonies, echo'd away? —

IV.

To-day, before you turn again
To thoughts that lift the soul of men,
Hear my cataract's
Downward thunder in hollow and glen,

V.

Till, led by dream and vague desire,
The woman, gliding toward the pyre,
Find her warrior
Stark and dark in his funeral fire.

## THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.

This is written in the dialect which was current in my youth at Spilsby and in the country about it.

I.

EH? good daäy! good daäy! thaw it bean't not mooch of a daäy,
Nasty, casselty weather! an' mea haäfe down wi' my haäy!

II.

How be the farm gittin on? Noäways. Gittin on i'deeäd!
Why, tonups was haäfe on 'em fingers an' toäs, an' the mare brokken-kneeäd,
An' pigs did n't sell at fall, an' wa lost wer Haldeny cow,
An' it beäts ma to knaw wot she died on, but wool 's looking oop ony how.

III.

An' soä they 've maäde tha a parson, an' thou 'll
git along, niver fear,
Fur I beän chuch-warden mysen i' the parish
fur fifteen year.
Well — sin ther beä chuch-wardens, ther mun
be parsons an' all,
An' if t' ōne stick alongside t' uther the chuch
weänt happėn a fall.

IV.

Fur I wur a Baptis wonst, an' ageän the toithe
an' the raäte,
Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinist waäy to
the Narra Gaäte.
An' I can't abeär 'em, I can't, fur a lot on 'em
coom'd ta-year —
I wur down wi' the rheumatis then — to *my*
pond to wesh thessens theere —
Sa I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the
owd chuch now,
Fur they wesh'd their sins i' *my* pond, an' I
doubts they poison'd the cow.

V.

Ay, an' ya seed the bishop. They says 'at he
coom'd fra nowt —

Burn i' traäde. Sa I warrants 'e niver said haäfe
wot 'e thowt,
But 'e creeäpt an' 'e crawl'd along, till 'e feeäld
'e could howd 'is oän,
Then 'e married a greät Yerl's darter, an' sits o'
the bishop's throän.

VI.

Now I 'll gie tha a bit o' my mind an' tha weant
be taäkin' offence,
Fur thou be a big scholard now wi' a hoonderd
haäcre o' sense —
But sich an obstropulous lad — naäy, naäy —fur
I minds tha sa well,
Tha 'd niver not hopple thy tongue, an' the
tongue 's sit afire o' hell,
As I says to my missis to-daäy, when she hurl'd
a plaäte at the cat
An' anoother ageän my noäse. Ya was niver sa
bad as that.

VII.

But I minds when i' Howlaby beck won daäy ya
was ticklin' o' trout,
An' keeäper 'e seed ya an' roon'd, an' 'e beal'd to
ya, 'Lad coom hout,'

*"Now I'll gie tha a bit o' my mind, an' tha weant be taäken offence."*

THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.

Etching by Piqué from painting by C. Mente.

C. HENTE

An' ya stood oop naäkt i' the beck, an' ya tell'd
'im to knaw his awn plaäce
An' ya call'd 'im a clown, ya did, an' ya thraw'd
the fish i' 'is faäce,
An' 'e torn'd as red as a stag-tuckey's wattles,
but theer an' then
I coämb'd 'im down, fur I promised ya 'd niver
not do it ageän.

VIII.

An' I cotch'd tha wonst i' my garden, when thou
was a height-year-howd,
An' I fun thy pockets as full o' my pippins as
iver they 'd 'owd,
An' thou was as peärky as owt, an' tha maäde
me as mad as mad,
But I says to tha, 'Keeäp 'em, an' welcome,' fur
thou was the parson's lad.

IX.

An' Parson 'e 'ears on it all, an' then taäkes
kindly to me,
An' then I wur chose chuch-warden an' coom'd
to the top o' the tree,
Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, an' they maäkes
ma a help to the poor,

When I gits the plaäte fuller o' Soondays nor
ony chuch-warden afoor,
Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep' mysen
meeäk as a lamb,
An' saw by the graäce o' the Lord, Mister
Harry, I ham wot I ham!

X.

But Parson 'e *will* speäk out, saw, now 'e be
sixty-seven,
He 'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur owt but
the Kingdom o' Heaven;
An' thou 'll be 'is curate 'ere, but, if iver tha
meäns to git 'igher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the wo'ld, an' not the
faults o' the Squire.
An' I reckons tha 'll light of a livin' somewheers
i' the Wowd or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps
thysen to thysen.
But niver not speäk plaäin out, if tha wants to
git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou 'll
be a bishop yit.

XI.

Naäy, but tha *mun* speäk hout to the Baptises
here i' the town,
Fur moäst on 'em talks ageän tithe, an' I 'd like
tha to preäch 'em down,
Fur *they* 've been a-preächin' *mea* down, they
heve, an' I haätes 'em now,
Fur they leäved their nasty sins i' *my* pond, an'
it poison'd the cow.

## GLOSSARY.

'Casselty,' casuality, chance weather.

'Haäfe down wi' my haäy,' while my grass is only half-mown.

'Fingers an' toäs,' a disease in turnips.

'Fall,' autumn.

'If t' ōne stick alongside t' uther,' if the one hold by the other. 'One' is pronounced like 'own.'

'Fun,' found.

'Gaäinist,' nearest.

'Ta-year,' this year.

'Ivin,' ivy.

'Obstropulous,' obstreperous — here the Curate makes a sign of deprecation.

'Hopple' or 'hobble,' to tie the legs of a skittish cow when she is being milked.

'Beal'd,' bellowed.

In such words as 'torned,' 'turned,' 'hurled,' the *r* is hardly audible.

'Stag-tuckey,' turkey-cock.

'Height-year-howd,' eight-year-old.

''Owd,' hold.

'Peärky,' pert.

'Wo'ld," the world. Short *o*.

'Wowd,' wold.

## KAPIOLANI.

Kapiolani was a great chieftainess who lived in the Sandwich Islands at the beginning of this century. She won the cause of Christianity by openly defying the priests of the terrible goddess Peelè. In spite of their threats of vengeance she ascended the volcano Mauna-Loa, then clambered down over a bank of cinders four hundred feet high to the great lake of fire (nine miles round) — Kilauea — the home and haunt of the goddess, and flung into the boiling lava the consecrated berries which it was sacrilege for a woman to handle.

I.

WHEN from the terrors of Nature a people have
fashion'd and worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the voice of the teacher who calls to
them,
' Set yourselves free ! '

II.

Noble the Saxon who hurl'd at his idol a valor-
ous weapon in olden England !
Great and greater, and greatest of women, island
heroine, Kapiolani

Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and
dared the goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawa-i-ee!

III.

A people believing that Peelè the goddess would
wallow in fiery riot and revel
On Kilauëä,
Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or
shake with her thunders and shatter her
island,
Rolling her anger
Thro' blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-
red cataracts down to the sea!

IV.

Long as the lava-light
Glares from the lava-lake
Dazing the starlight,
Long as the silvery vapour in daylight
Over the mountain
Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled
with either on Hawa-i-ee.

V.

What said her priesthood?
'Woe to this island if ever a woman' should
handle or gather the berries of Peelè!
Accurséd were she!

And woe to this island if ever a woman should
climb to the dwelling of Peelè the goddess!
Accurséd were she!'

VI.

One from the sunrise
Dawn'd on His people, and slowly before Him
Vanish'd shadow-like
Gods and goddesses,
None but the terrible Peelè remaining as Kapiolani ascended her mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Call'd on the Power adored by the Christian, and crying, 'I dare her, let Peelè avenge herself!'
Into the flame-billow dash'd the berries, and drove the demon from Hawa-i-ee.

## THE DAWN.

'You are but children.'
*Egyptian Priest to Solon.*

I.

RED of the Dawn!
Screams of a babe in the red-hot palms of a Moloch of Tyre,
Man with his brotherless dinner on man in the tropical wood,
Priests in the name of the Lord passing souls thro' fire to the fire,
Head-hunters and boats of Dahomey that float upon human blood!

II.

Red of the Dawn!
Godless fury of peoples, and Christless frolic of kings,
And the bolt of war dashing down upon cities and blazing farms,
For Babylon was a child new-born, and Rome was a babe in arms,
And London and Paris and all the rest are as yet but in leading-strings.

III.

Dawn not Day,
While scandal is mouthing a bloodless name at *her* cannibal feast,
And rake-ruined bodies and souls go down in a common wreck,
And the Press of a thousand cities is prized for it smells of the beast,
Or easily violates virgin Truth for a coin or a cheque.

IV.

Dawn not Day!
Is it shame, so few should have climb'd from the dens in the level below,
Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of a four-footed will?
But if twenty million of summers are stored in the sunlight still,
We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the race to grow.

V.

Red of the Dawn!
Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but when shall we lay

The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free?
In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah, what will *our* children be,
The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?

## THE MAKING OF MAN.

WHERE is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger or of ape?
Man as yet is being made, and, ere the crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, 'It is finish'd. Man is made.'

## THE DREAMER.

On a midnight in midwinter when all but the winds were dead,
'The meek shall inherit the earth' was a Scripture that rang thro' his head,
Till he dream'd that a Voice of the Earth went wailingly past him and said:

'I am losing the light of my youth
And the Vision that led me of old,
And I clash with an iron Truth,
When I make for an Age of gold,
And I would that my race were run,
For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,
And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and Slaves,
And darken'd with doubts of a Faith that saves,
And crimson with battles, and hollow with graves,
To the wail of my winds, and the moan of my waves,
I whirl, and I follow the Sun.'

Was it only the wind of the night shrilling out
desolation and wrong
Thro' a dream of the dark? Yet he thought
that he answer'd her wail with a song —

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
Heart-weary and overdone!
But all 's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven,
And less will be lost than won,
For all 's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
O weary one, has it begun?
But all 's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music
Or ever your race be run!
And all 's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

## MECHANOPHILUS.

(In the time of the first railways.)

Now first we stand and understand,
  And sunder false from true,
And handle boldly with the hand,
  And see and shape and do.

Dash back that ocean with a pier,
  Strow yonder mountain flat,
A railway there, a tunnel here,
  Mix me this Zone with that!

Bring me my horse — my horse? my wings,
  That I may soar the sky,
For Thought into the outward springs,
  I find her with the eye.

O, will she, moonlike, sway the main,
  And bring or chase the storm,
Who was a shadow in the brain,
  And is a living form?

Far as the Future vaults her skies,
  From this my vantage ground
To those still-working energies
  I spy nor term nor bound.

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
  Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still,
  And not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true
  Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new
  That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work and wield
  The forces of to-day,
And plow the Present like a field,
  And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
  Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep for ever goes,
  Heaven over heaven expands.

## RIFLEMEN, FORM!

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm, storm, Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can a despot feel with the Free?
Form, form, Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!

Storm, storm, Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True we have got — *such* a faithful ally
That only the devil can tell what he means.
Form, form, Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form![1]

[1] I have been asked to republish this old poem, which was first published in 'The Times,' May 9, 1859, before the Volunteer movement began.

## THE TOURNEY.

RALPH would fight in Edith's sight,
    For Ralph was Edith's lover;
Ralph went down like a fire to the fight,
Struck to the left and struck to the right,
    Roll'd them over and over.
'Gallant Sir Ralph!' said the king.

Casques were crack'd and hauberks hack'd,
    Lances snapt in sunder,
Rang the stroke, and sprang the blood,
Knights were thwack'd and riven, and hew'd
    Like broad oaks with thunder.
'O, what an arm!' said the king.

Edith bow'd her stately head,
    Saw them lie confounded,
Edith Montfort bow'd her head,
Crown'd her knight's, and flushed as red
    As poppies when she crown'd it.
'Take her, Sir Ralph,' said the king.

## THE WANDERER.

THE gleam of household sunshine ends,
And here no longer can I rest;
Farewell! — You will not speak, my friends,
Unfriendly of your parted guest.

O, well for him that finds a friend,
Or makes a friend where'er he come,
And loves the world from end to end,
And wanders on from home to home!

O, happy he, and fit to live,
On whom a happy home has power
To make him trust his life, and give
His fealty to the halcyon hour!

I count you kind, I hold you true;
But what may follow who can tell?
Give me a hand — and you — and you —
And deem me grateful, and farewell!

## POETS AND CRITICS.

THIS thing, that thing is the rage,
Helter-skelter runs the age;
Minds on this round earth of ours
Vary like the leaves and flowers,
  Fashion'd after certain laws;
Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
All at all points thou canst not meet,
  Some will pass, and some will pause.

What is true at last will tell:
Few at first will place thee well;
Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high — no fault of thine —
  Hold thine own, and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
  And the critic 's rarer still.

## A VOICE SPAKE OUT OF THE SKIES.

A VOICE spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise —
'The world and all within it
Will only last a minute!'
And a beggar began to cry,
'Food, food, or I die!'
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?

## DOUBT AND PRAYER.

THO' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod,
Rail at 'Blind Fate' with many a vain 'Alas!'
From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
Before I learn that Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God!
Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief,
My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
Then, if thou willest, let my day be brief,
So Thou wilt strike Thy glory thro' the day.

## FAITH.

I.

DOUBT no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the ship-wreck, or the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

II.

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.
Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire!

## GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

I.

WILL my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in
your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens,
of your boundless nights,
Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery
clash of meteorites?

II.

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of
thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power
which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent
Opener of the Gate.'

## THE DEATH

OF THE

## DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

To the Mourners.

THE bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown, that o'er him hung,
Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by Death.
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure —
Mourn! That a world-wide Empire mourns with you,
That all the Thrones are clouded by your loss,
Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!

## CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

# APPENDIX.

## NOTE.

The following pieces from 'POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS' are those which, according to Mr. Frederick Tennyson, were probably written by Alfred; but, as he 'cannot be certain of the authorship of every poem,' I do not include them among his brother's acknowledged works, but print them in an Appendix. For further information concerning them, see Volume I. pages 10–26 and the notes to the present volume.

The Cambridge Prize Poem, 'Timbuctoo' (1829), is also appended.

W. J. R.

## SELECTIONS FROM 'POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.'

### MEMORY.

'The memory is perpetually looking back when we have nothing present to entertain us: it is like those repositories in animals that are filled with stores of food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.'—ADDISON.

MEMORY! dear enchanter!
  Why bring back to view
Dreams of youth, which banter
  All that e'er was true?

Why present before me
  Thoughts of years gone by,
Which, like shadows o'er me,
  Dim in distance fly?

Days of youth, now shaded
  By twilight of long years,
Flowers of youth, now faded,
  Though bathed in sorrow's tears:

Thoughts of youth, which waken
  Mournful feelings now,
Fruits which time hath shaken
  From off their parent bough:

Memory! why, oh why,
  This fond heart consuming,
Shew me years gone by,
  When those hopes were blooming?

Hopes which now are parted,
  Hopes which then I priz'd,
Which this world, cold-hearted,
  Ne'er has realiz'd?

I knew not then its strife,
  I knew not then its rancour;
In every rose of life,
  Alas! there lurks a canker.

Round every palm-tree, springing
  With bright fruit in the waste,
A mournful asp is clinging,
  Which sours it to our taste.

O'er every fountain, pouring
  Its waters thro' the wild,
Which man imbibes, adoring,
  And deems it undefil'd,

The poison-shrubs are dropping
  Their dark dews day by day;
And Care is hourly lopping
  Our greenest boughs away!

Ah! these are thoughts that grieve me
  Then, when others rest.
Memory! why deceive me
  By thy visions blest?

Why lift the veil, dividing
  The brilliant courts of spring —
Where gilded shapes are gliding
  In fairy colouring —

From age's frosty mansion,
  So cheerless and so chill?
Why bid the bleak expansion
  Of past life meet us still?

Where 's now that peace of mind
  O'er youth's pure bosom stealing,
So sweet and so refin'd,
  So exquisite a feeling?

Where 's now the heart exulting
  In pleasure's buoyant sense,
And gaiety, resulting
  From conscious innocence?

All, all have past and fled,
  And left me lorn and lonely;
All those dear hopes are dead,
  Remembrance wakes them only!

I stand like some lone tower
  Of former days remaining,
Within whose place of power
  The midnight owl is plaining; —

Like oak-tree old and grey,
  Whose trunk with age is failing,
Thro' whose dark boughs for aye
  The winter winds are wailing.

Thus, Memory, thus thy light
  O'er this worn soul is gleaming,
Like some far fire at night
  Along the dun deep streaming.

## THE EXILE'S HARP.

I WILL hang thee, my Harp, by the side of the fountain,
  On the whispering branch of the lone-waving willow:
Above thee shall rush the hoarse gale of the mountain,
  Below thee shall tumble the dark breaking billow.
The winds shall blow by thee, abandon'd, forsaken,
  The wild gales alone shall arouse thy sad strain;
For where is the heart or the hand to awaken
  The sounds of thy soul-soothing sweetness again?

Oh! Harp of my fathers!
  Thy chords shall decay,
One by one with the strings
  Shall thy notes fade away;
Till the fiercest of tempests
  Around thee may yell,
And not waken one sound
  Of thy desolate shell!

Yet, oh! yet, ere I go, will I fling a wreath round thee,
  With the richest of flowers in the green valley springing;
Those that see shall remember the hand that hath crown'd thee,
  When, wither'd and dead, to thee still they are clinging.
There! now I have wreath'd thee — the roses are twining
  Thy chords with their bright blossoms glowing and red:
Though the lapse of one day see their freshness declining,
  Yet bloom for one day when thy minstrel has fled!
    Oh! Harp of my fathers!
      No more in the hall,
    The souls of the chieftains
      Thy strains shall enthral:

One sweep will I give thee,
And wake thy bold swell;
Then, thou friend of my bosom,
For ever farewell!

## 'WHY SHOULD WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DIE?'

'Quamobrem, si dolorum finem mors affert, si securioris et melioris initium vitæ: si futura mala avertit — cur eam tantopere accusare, ex qua potius consolationem et lætitiam haurire fas esset?' — CICERO.

WHY should we weep for those who die?
They fall — their dust returns to dust;
Their souls shall live eternally
Within the mansions of the just.

They die to live — they sink to rise,
They leave this wretched mortal shore;
But brighter suns and bluer skies
Shall smile on them for evermore.

Why should we sorrow for the dead?
Our life on earth is but a span;
They tread the path that all must tread,
They die the common death of man.

The noblest songster of the gale
Must cease, when Winter's frowns appear;
The reddest rose is wan and pale,
When Autumn tints the changing year.

The fairest flower on earth must fade,
  The brightest hopes on earth must die:
Why should we mourn that man was made
  To droop on earth, but dwell on high?

The soul, th' eternal soul, must reign
  In worlds devoid of pain and strife;
Then why should mortal man complain
  Of death, which leads to happier life?

## REMORSE.

'—sudant tacita præcordia culpa.'—JUVENAL.

OH! 't is a fearful thing to glance
  Back on the gloom of mis-spent years:
What shadowy forms of guilt advance,
  And fill me with a thousand fears!
The vices of my life arise,
  Pourtray'd in shapes, alas! too true;
  And not one beam of hope breaks through,
To cheer my old and aching eyes,
T' illume my night of wretchedness,
My age of anguish and distress.
If I am damn'd, why find I not
Some comfort in this earthly spot?
But no! this world and that to come
Are both to me one scene of gloom!

Lest ought of solace I should see,
  Or lose the thoughts of what I do,
Remorse, with soul-felt agony,
  Holds up the mirror to my view.
And I was cursed from my birth,
A reptile made to creep on earth,
An hopeless outcast, born to die
A living death eternally!
With too much conscience to have rest,
Too little to be ever blest,
To yon vast world of endless woe,
  Unlighted by the cheerful day,
  My soul shall wing her weary way;
    To those dread depths where aye the same,
Throughout the waste of darkness, glow
    The glimmerings of the boundless flame.
And yet I cannot here below
Take my full cup of guilt, as some,
And laugh away my doom to come.
I would I 'd been all-heartless! then
I might have sinn'd like other men;
But all this side the grave is fear,
A wilderness so dank and drear,
That never wholesome plant would spring;
  And all behind — I dare not think!
I would not risk th' imagining —
  From the full view my spirits shrink;
And starting backwards, yet I cling
To life, whose every hour to me
Hath been increase of misery.

But yet I cling to it, for well
  I know the pangs that rack me now
Are trifles, to the endless hell
  That waits me, when my burning brow
And my wrung eyes shall hope in vain
For one small drop to cool the pain,
The fury of that madd'ning flame
That then shall scorch my writhing frame!
Fiends! who have goaded me to ill!
Distracting fiends, who goad me still!
If e'er I work'd a sinful deed,
  Ye know how bitter was the draught;
Ye know my inmost soul would bleed,
  And ye have look'd at me and laugh'd,
Triumphing that I could not free
My spirit from your slavery!
Yet is there that in me which says,
  Should these old feet their course retread
From out the portal of my days,
  That I should lead the life I 've led:
My agony, my torturing shame,
My guilt, my errors all the same!
Oh, God! that thou wouldst grant that ne'er
  My soul its clay-cold bed forsake,
  That I might sleep, and never wake
Unto the thrill of conscious fear;
  For when the trumpet's piercing cry
Shall burst upon my slumb'ring ear,
  And countless seraphs throng the sky,
How shall I cast my shroud away,

And come into the blaze of day?
How shall I brook to hear each crime,
Here veil'd by secrecy and time,
Read out from thine eternal book?
How shall I stand before thy throne,
While earth shall like a furnace burn?
How shall I bear the with'ring look
Of men and angels, who will turn
Their dreadful gaze on me alone?

## THE DELL OF E——.

'Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas!' — VIRGIL.

THERE was a long, low, rushy dell, emboss'd
With knolls of grass and clumps of copsewood green;
Mid-way a wandering burn the valley cross'd,
And streak'd with silvery line the wood-land scene;
High hills on either side to heaven upsprung,
Y-clad with groves of undulating pine,
Upon whose heads the hoary vapours hung,
And far — far off the heights were seen to shine
In clear relief against the sapphire sky,
And many a blue stream wander'd thro' the shade
Of those dark groves that clomb the mountains high,
And glistening 'neath each lone entangled glade,

At length with brawling accent loudly fell
Within the limpid brook that wound along the dell.

How pleasant was the ever-varying light
  Beneath that emerald coverture of boughs!
How often, at th' approach of dewy night,
  Have those tall pine-trees heard the lover's vows!
How many a name was carv'd upon the trunk
  Of each old hollow willow-tree, that stoop'd
To lave its branches in the brook, and drunk
  Its freshening dew! How many a cypress droop'd
From those fair banks, where bloom'd the earliest flowers,
  Which the young year from her abounding horn
Scatters profuse within her secret bowers!
  What rapturous gales from that wild dell were borne!
And, floating on the rich spring breezes, flung
Their incense o'er that wave on whose bright banks they sprung!

Long years had past, and there again I came,
  But man's rude hand had sorely scath'd the dell;
And though the cloud-capped mountains, still the same,
  Uprear'd each heaven-invading pinnacle;
Yet were the charms of that lone valley fled,
  And the grey-winding of the stream was gone;
The brook, once murmuring o'er its pebbly bed,
  Now deeply — straightly — noiselessly went on.
Slow turn'd the sluggish wheel beneath its force,

Where clattering mills disturb'd the solitude:
Where was the prattling of its former course?
Its shelving, sedgy sides y-crown'd with wood?
The willow trunks were fell'd, the names eras'd
From one broad shattered pine, which still its station grac'd.

Remnant of all its brethren, there it stood,
Braving the storms that swept the cliffs above,
Where once, throughout th' impenetrable wood,
Were heard the plainings of the pensive dove.
But man had bid th' eternal forests bow
That bloom'd upon the earth-imbedded base
Of the strong mountain, and perchance they now
Upon the billows were the dwelling-place
Of their destroyers, and bore terror round
The trembling earth: — ah! lovelier, had they still
Whisper'd unto the breezes with low sound,
And greenly flourish'd on their native hill,
And flinging their proud arms in state on high,
Spread out beneath the sun their glorious canopy!

## ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

O, Cleopatra! fare thee well,
We two can meet no more;
This breaking heart alone can tell
The love to thee I bore.

But wear not thou the conqueror's chain
  Upon thy race and thee;
And though we ne'er can meet again,
  Yet still be true to me:
For I for thee have lost a throne,
To wear the crown of love alone.

Fair daughter of a regal line!
  To thraldom bow not tame;
My every wish on earth was thine,
  My every hope the same.
And I have mov'd within thy sphere,
  And liv'd within thy light;
And oh! thou wert to me so dear,
  I breath'd but in thy sight!
A subject world I lost for thee,
For thou wert all my world to me!

Then when the shriekings of the dying
  Were heard along the wave,
Soul of my soul! I saw thee flying;
  I follow'd thee, to save.
The thunder of the brazen prows
  O'er Actium's ocean rung;
Fame's garland faded from my brows,
  Her wreath away I flung.
I sought, I saw, I heard but thee:
For what to love was victory?

Thine on the earth, and on the throne,
  And in the grave, am I;
And, dying, still I am thine own,
  Thy bleeding Antony.
How shall my spirit joy to hear
  That thou art ever true!
Nay — weep not — dry that burning tear,
  That bathes thine eyes' dark hue.
Shades of my fathers! lo! I come;
I hear your voices from the tomb!

## 'I WANDER IN DARKNESS AND SORROW.'

I WANDER in darkness and sorrow,
  Unfriended, and cold, and alone,
As dismally gurgles beside me
  The bleak river's desolate moan.
The rise of the volleying thunder
  The mountain's lone echoes repeat:
The roar of the wind is around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet.

I wander in darkness and sorrow,
  Uncheer'd by the moon's placid ray;
Not a friend that I lov'd but is dead,
  Not a hope but has faded away!

Oh! when shall I rest in the tomb,
  Wrapt about with the chill winding sheet?
For the roar of the wind is around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet.

I heed not the blasts that sweep o'er me,
  I blame not the tempests of night;
They are not the foes who have banish'd
  The visions of youthful delight:
I hail the wild sound of their raving,
  Their merciless presence I greet;
Though the roar of the wind be around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet.

In this waste of existence, for solace,
  On whom shall my lone spirit call?
Shall I fly to the friends of my bosom?
  My God! I have buried them all!
They are dead, they are gone, they are cold,
  My embraces no longer they meet;
Let the roar of the wind be around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet!

Those eyes that glanc'd love unto mine,
  With motionless slumbers are prest;
Those hearts which once throbb'd but for me,
  Are chill as the earth where they rest.
Then around on my wan wither'd form
  Let the pitiless hurricanes beat;
Let the roar of the wind be around me,
  The leaves of the year at my feet!

Like the voice of the owl in the hall,
  Where the song and the banquet have ceas'd,
Where the green weeds have mantled the hearth,
  Whence arose the proud flame of the feast;
So I cry to the storm, whose dark wing
  Scatters on me the wild-driving sleet —
'*Let the roar of the wind be around me,*
  *The fall of the leaves at my feet!*'

## THE OLD SWORD.

Old Sword! tho' dim and rusted
  Be now thy sheeny blade,
Thy glitt'ring edge encrusted
  With cankers Time hath made;
    Yet once around thee swell'd the cry
      Of triumph's fierce delight,
    The shoutings of the victory,
      The thunders of the fight!

Tho' age hath past upon thee
  With still corroding breath,
Yet once stream'd redly on thee
  The purpling tide of death:
    What time amid the war of foes
      The dastard's cheek grew pale,
    As through the feudal field arose
      The ringing of the mail.

Old Sword ! what arm hath wielded
  Thy richly gleaming brand,
'Mid lordly forms who shielded
  The maidens of their land?
    And who hath clov'n his foes in wrath
      With thy puissant fire,
    And scatter'd in his perilous path
      The victims of his ire?

Old Sword ! whose fingers clasp'd thee
  Around thy carved hilt?
And with that hand which grasp'd thee
  What heroes' blood was spilt;
    When fearlessly, with open hearts,
      And lance to lance oppos'd,
    Beneath the shade of barbed darts
      The dark-ey'd warriors clos'd?

Old Sword ! I would not burnish
  Thy venerable rust,
Nor sweep away the tarnish
  Of darkness and of dust !
    Lie there, in slow and still decay,
      Unfam'd in olden rhyme,
    The relic of a former day,
      A wreck of ancient time !

## 'WE MEET NO MORE.'

We meet no more — the die is cast,
  The chain is broke that tied us,
Our every hope on earth is past,
  And there 's no helm to guide us:
We meet no more — the roaring blast
  And angry seas divide us!

And I stand on a distant shore,
  The breakers round me swelling;
And lonely thoughts of days gone o'er
  Have made this breast their dwelling:
We meet no more — We meet no more:
  Farewell for ever, Ellen!

WRITTEN

## BY AN EXILE OF BASSORAH,

WHILE SAILING DOWN THE EUPHRATES.

Thou land of the Lily! thy gay flowers are blooming
  In joy on thine hills, but they bloom not for me;
For a dark gulf of woe, all my fond hopes entombing,
  Has roll'd its black waves 'twixt this lone heart and
    thee.

The far-distant hills, and the groves of my childhood,
  Now stream in the light of the sun's setting ray;
And the tall-waving palms of my own native wildwood
  In the blue haze of distance are melting away.

I see thee, Bassorah! in splendour retiring,
  Where thy waves and thy walls in their majesty meet;
I see the bright glory thy pinnacles firing,
  And the broad vassal river that rolls at thy feet.

I see thee but faintly — thy tall towers are beaming
  On the dusky horizon so far and so blue;
And minaret and mosque in the distance are gleaming,
  While the coast of the stranger expands on my view.

I see thee no more: for the deep waves have parted
  The land of my birth from her desolate son;
And I am gone from thee, though half broken-hearted,
  To wander thro' climes where thy name is unknown.

Farewell to my harp, which I hung in my anguish
  On the lonely palmetto that nods to the gale;
For its sweet-breathing tones in forgetfulness languish,
  And around it the ivy shall weave a green veil.

Farewell to the days which so smoothly have glided
  With the maiden whose look was like Cama's young glance,
And the sheen of whose eyes was the load-star which guided
  My course on this earth thro' the storms of mischance!

## THE VALE OF BONES.

'Albis informem — ossibus agrum.' — HORACE.

ALONG yon vapour-mantled sky
The dark-red moon is riding high;
At times her beams in beauty break
Upon the broad and silv'ry lake;
At times more bright they clearly fall
On some white castle's ruin'd wall;
At times her partial splendour shines
Upon the grove of deep-black pines,
Through which the dreary night-breeze moans,
Above this Vale of scatter'd bones.

The low, dull gale can scarcely stir
The branches of that black'ning fir,
Which betwixt me and heav'n flings wide
Its shadowy boughs on either side,
And o'er yon granite rock uprears
Its giant form of many years.
And the shrill owlet's desolate wail
Comes to mine ear along the gale,
As, list'ning to its lengthen'd tones,
I dimly pace the Vale of Bones.

Dark Valley! still the same art thou,
Unchang'd thy mountain's cloudy brow;
Still from yon cliffs, that part asunder,

Falls down the torrent's echoing thunder;
Still from this mound of reeds and rushes
With bubbling sound the fountain gushes;
Thence, winding thro' the whisp'ring ranks
Of sedges on the willowy banks,
Still brawling, chafes the rugged stones
That strew this dismal Vale of Bones.

Unchang'd art thou! no storm hath rent
Thy rude and rocky battlement;
Thy rioting mountains sternly pil'd,
The screen of nature, wide and wild:
But who were they, whose bones bestrew
The heather, cold with midnight dew,
Upon whose slowly-rotting clay
The raven long hath ceas'd to prey,
But, mould'ring in the moon-light air,
Their wan, white skulls show bleak and bare?
And, aye, the dreary night-breeze moans
Above them in this Vale of Bones!

I knew them all — a gallant band,
The glory of their native land,
And on each lordly brow elate
Sate valour and contempt of fate,
Fierceness of youth, and scorn of foe,
And pride to render blow for blow.
In the strong war's tumultuous crash,
How darkly did their keen eyes flash!
How fearlessly each arm was rais'd!

How dazzlingly each broad-sword blaz'd !
Though now the dreary night-breeze moans
Above them in this Vale of Bones.

What lapse of time shall sweep away
The memory of that gallant day,
When on to battle proudly going,
Your plumage to the wild winds blowing,
Your tartans far behind ye flowing,
Your pennons rais'd, your clarions sounding,
Fiercely your steeds beneath ye bounding,
Ye mix'd the strife of warring foes
In fiery shock and deadly close?
What stampings in the madd'ning strife,
What thrusts, what stabs, with brand and knife,
What desp'rate strokes for death or life,
Were there ! What cries, what thrilling groans,
Re-echo'd thro' the Vale of Bones !

Thou peaceful Vale, whose mountains lonely,
Sound to the torrent's chiding only,
Or wild-goat's cry from rocky ledge,
Or bull-frog from the rustling sedge,
Or eagle from her airy cairn,
Or screaming of the startled hern —
How did thy million echoes waken
Amid thy caverns deeply shaken !
How with the red dew o'er thee rain'd
Thine emerald turf was darkly stain'd !
How did each innocent flower, that sprung

Thy greenly-tangl'd glades among,
Blush with the big and purple drops
That dribbled from the leafy copse!
I pac'd the valley, when the yell
Of triumph's voice had ceas'd to swell;
When battle's brazen throat no more
Rais'd its annihilating roar.
There lay ye on each other pil'd,
Your brows with noble dust defil'd;[1]
There, by the loudly-gushing water,
Lay man and horse in mingled slaughter.
Then wept I not, thrice gallant band;
For though no more each dauntless hand
The thunder of the combat hurl'd,
Yet still with pride your lips were curl'd;
And e'en in death's o'erwhelming shade
Your fingers linger'd round the blade!
I deem'd, when gazing proudly there
Upon the fix'd and haughty air
That mark'd each warrior's bloodless face,
Ye would not change the narrow space
Which each cold form of breathless clay
Then cover'd, as on earth ye lay,
For realms, for sceptres, or for thrones —
I dream'd not on this Vale of Bones!

But years have thrown their veil between,
And alter'd is that lonely scene;

[1] 'Non indecoro pulvere sordidos.' — HOR.

And dreadful emblems of thy might
Stern Dissolution! meet my sight:
The eyeless socket, dark and dull,
The hideous grinning of the skull,
Are sights which Memory disowns,
Thou melancholy Vale of Bones!

## 'DID NOT THY ROSEATE LIPS OUTVIE.'

'Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui
Crederem.'

HORACE.

DID not thy roseate lips outvie
The gay Anana's spicy bloom;[1]
Had not thy breath the luxury,
The richness of its deep perfume —

Were not the pearls it fans more clear
Than those which grace the valved shell;
Thy foot more airy than the deer,
When startled from his lonely dell —

[1] Ulloa says, that the blossom of the West-Indian Anana is of so elegant a crimson as even to dazzle the eye, and that the fragrancy of the fruit discovers the plant though concealed from sight. — See Ulloa's *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 72.

Were not thy bosom's stainless whiteness,
  Where angel loves their vigils keep,
More heavenly than the dazzling brightness
  Of the cold crescent on the deep —

Were not thine eye a star might grace
  Yon sapphire concave beaming clear,
Or fill the vanish'd Pleiad's place,
  And shine for aye as brightly there —

Had not thy locks the golden glow
  That robes the gay and early east,
Thus falling in luxuriant flow
  Around thy fair but faithless breast:

I might have deem'd that thou wert she
  Of the Cumæan cave, who wrote
Each fate-involving mystery,
  Upon the feathery leaves that float,

Borne thro' the boundless waste of air,
  Wherever chance might drive along.
But she was wrinkled — thou art fair:
  And she was old — but thou art young.

Her years were as the sands that strew
  The fretted ocean-beach; but thou —
Triumphant in that eye of blue,
  Beneath thy smoothly-marble brow;

Exulting in thy form thus moulded,
  By nature's tenderest touch design'd;
Proud of the fetters thou hast folded
  Around this fond deluded mind —

Deceivest still with practis'd look,
  With fickle vow, and well-feign'd sigh.
I tell thee, that I will not brook
  Reiterated perjury!

Alas! I feel thy deep control,
  E'en now when I would break thy chain:
But while I seek to gain thy soul,
  Ah! say — hast thou a soul to gain?

## PERSIA.

'The flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound.'
MILTON.

LAND of bright eye and lofty brow!
  Whose every gale is balmy breath
    Of incense from some sunny flower,
Which on tall hill or valley low,
  In clustering maze or circling wreath,
    Sheds perfume; or in blooming bower
Of Schiraz or of Ispahan,
In bower untrod by foot of man,

Clasps round the green and fragrant stem
  Of lotos, fair and fresh and blue,
And crowns it with a diadem
Of blossoms, ever young and new;
Oh! lives there yet within thy soul
  Ought of the fire of him who led
Thy troops, and bade thy thunder roll
  O'er lone Assyria's crownless head?
  I tell thee, had that conqueror red
    From Thymbria's plain beheld thy fall,
When stormy Macedonia swept
    Thine honours from thee one and all,
He would have wail'd, he would have wept,
That thy proud spirit should have bow'd
To Alexander, doubly proud.
Oh! Iran! Iran! had he known
The downfall of his mighty throne,
Or had he seen that fatal night,
  When the young king of Macedon
  In madness led his veterans on,
And Thais held the funeral light,
Around that noble pile which rose
  Irradiant with the pomp of gold,
  In high Persepolis of old,
Encompass'd with its frenzied foes;
He would have groan'd, he would have spread
The dust upon his laurell'd head,
To view the setting of that star,
Which beam'd so gorgeously and far
O'er Anatolia, and the fane

Of Belus, and Caïster's plain,
  And Sardis, and the glittering sands
  Of bright Pactolus, and the lands
Where Crœsus held his rich domain:
On fair Diarbeck's land of spice,[1]
Adiabene's plains of rice,
Where down th' Euphrates, swift and strong,
The shield-like kuphars bound along;[2]
And sad Cunaxa's field, where, mixing
  With host to adverse host oppos'd,
'Mid clashing shield and spear transfixing,
  The rival brothers sternly clos'd.
And further east, where, broadly roll'd,
Old Indus pours his stream of gold;
And there, where tumbling deep and hoarse,
Blue Ganga leaves her vaccine source;[3]
Loveliest of all the lovely streams
That meet immortal Titan's beams,
And smile upon their fruitful way
Beneath his golden orient ray:
And southward to Cilicia's shore,
Where Cydnus meets the billows' roar,
And where the Syrian gates divide

[1] Xenophon says, that every shrub in these wilds had an aromatic odour.

[2] Rennel on Herodotus.

[3] The cavern in the ridge of Himmalah, whence the Ganges seems to derive its original springs, has been moulded, by the mind of Hindoo superstition, into the head of a cow.

The meeting realms on either side;
E'en to the land of Nile, whose crops
  Bloom rich beneath his bounteous swell,
  To hot Syene's wondrous well,
Nigh to the long-liv'd Æthiops.
And northward far to Trebizonde,
  Renown'd for kings of chivalry,
Near where old Hyssus, from the strand,
  Disgorges in the Euxine sea —
The Euxine, falsely nam'd, which whelms
  The mariner in the heaving tide,
To high Sinope's distant realms,
  Whence cynics rail'd at human pride.

## EGYPT.

'Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings.'
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

THE sombre pencil of the dim-grey dawn
  Draws a faint sketch of Egypt to mine eye,
As yet uncolour'd by the brilliant morn,
  And her gay orb careering up the sky.

And see! at last he comes in radiant pride,
  Life in his eye, and glory in his ray;
No veiling mists his growing splendour hide,
  And hang their gloom around his golden way.

[1] See Xenophon's *Expeditio Cyri.*

The flowery region brightens in his smile,
  Her lap of blossoms freights the passing gale,
That robs the odours of each balmy isle,
  Each fragrant field and aromatic vale.

But the first glitter of his rising beam
  Falls on the broad-bas'd pyramids sublime,
As proud to show us with his earliest gleam,
  Those vast and hoary enemies of time.

E'en History's self, whose certain scrutiny
  Few eras in the list of Time beguile,
Pauses, and scans them with astonish'd eye,
  As unfamiliar with their aged pile.

Awful, august, magnificent, they tower
  Amid the waste of shifting sands around;
The lapse of year and month and day and hour,
  Alike unfelt, perform th' unwearied round.

How often hath yon day-god's burning light,
  From the clear sapphire of his stainless heaven,
Bath'd their high peaks in noontide brilliance bright,
  Gilded at morn, and purpled them at even! [1]

[1] See Savary's *Letters.*

## THE DRUID'S PROPHECIES.[1]

MONA! with flame thine oaks are streaming,
  Those sacred oaks we rear'd on high:
Lo! Mona, Lo! the swords are gleaming
  Adown thine hills confusedly.

Hark! Mona, Hark! the chargers' neighing!
  The clang of arms and helmets bright!
The crash of steel, the dreadful braying
  Of trumpets thro' the madd'ning fight!

Exalt your torches, raise your voices;
  Your thread is spun — your day is brief;
Yea! Howl for sorrow! Rome rejoices,
  But Mona — Mona bends in grief!

But woe to Rome, though now she raises
  Yon eagles of her haughty power;
Though now her sun of conquest blazes,
  Yet soon shall come her darkening hour!

Woe, woe to him who sits in glory,
  Enthroned on thine hills of pride!
Can he not see the poignard gory,
  With his best heart's-blood deeply dyed?

[1] 'Stabat pro littore diversa acies, densa armis virisque, intercursantibus feminis in modum Furiarum, quæ veste ferali, crinibus dejectis, faces præferebant. Druidæque circum, preces diras, sublatis ad cœlum manibus, fundentes,' etc.—TACIT. *Annal.* xiv. c. 30.

Ah! what avails his gilded palace,
Whose wings the seven-hill'd town enfold? [1]
The costly bath, the chrystal chalice?
The pomp of gems — the glare of gold?

See where, by heartless anguish driven,
Crownless he creeps 'mid circling thorns; [2]
Around him flash the bolts of heaven,
And angry earth before him yawns.[3]

Then, from his pinnacle of splendour,
The feeble king,[4] with locks of grey,
Shall fall, and sovereign Rome shall render
Her sceptre to the usurper's [5] sway.

Who comes with sounds of mirth and gladness,
Triumphing o'er the prostrate dead? [6]
Ay, me! thy mirth shall change to sadness,
When Vengeance strikes thy guilty head.

[1] Pliny says, that the golden palace of Nero extended all round the city.

[2] 'Ut ad diverticulum ventum est, dimissis equis inter fruticeta ac vepres, per arundineti semitam ægre, nec nisi strata sub pedibus veste, ad adversum villæ parietem evasit.' — SUETON. *Vit. Cæsar.*

[3] 'Statimque tremore terræ, et fulgure adverso pavefactus, audiit ex proximis castris clamorem,' etc.— *Ibid.*

[4] Galba.

[5] Otho.

[6] 'Utque campos, in quibus pugnatum est, adiit (*i. e.* Vitellius) plurimum meri propalam hausit,' etc.—SUET.

Above thy noon-day feast suspended,
  High hangs in air a naked sword:
Thy days are gone, thy joys are ended,
  The cup, the song, the festal board.

Then shall the eagle's shadowy pinion
  Be spread beneath the eastern skies;[1]
And dazzling far with wide dominion,
  Five brilliant stars shall brightly rise.[2]

Then, coward king![3] the helpless aged
  Shall bow beneath thy dastard blow;
But reckless hands and hearts, enraged,
  By double fate shall lay thee low.[4]

And two,[5] with death-wounds deeply mangled,
  Low on their parent-earth shall lie;
Fond wretches! ah! too soon entangled
  Within the snares of royalty.

[1] At the siege of Jerusalem.

[2] The five good Emperors: Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, or Antoninus the Philosopher. Perhaps the best commentary on the life and virtues of the last, is his own volume of *Meditations*.

[3] 'Debiles pedibus, et eos, qui ambulare non possent, in gigantum modum, ita ut a genibus de pannis et linteis quasi dracones digererentur; eosdemque sagittis confecit.' — ÆL. LAMPRID. *in Vita Comm.* — Such were the laudable amusements of Commodus!

[4] He was first poisoned; but the operation not fully answering the wishes of his beloved, he was afterwards strangled by a robust wrestler.

[5] Pertinax and Didius Julian.

Then comes that mighty one victorious
  In triumph o'er this earthly ball,[1]
Exulting in his conquests glorious —
  Ah! glorious to his country's fall!

But thou shalt see the Romans flying,
  O Albyn! with yon dauntless ranks;[2]
And thou shalt view the Romans dying,
  Blue Carun! on thy mossy banks.

But lo! what dreadful visions o'er me
  Are bursting on this aged eye!
What length of bloody train before me,
  In slow succession passes by![3]

Thy hapless monarchs fall together,
  Like leaves in winter's stormy ire;
Some by the sword, and some shall wither
  By light'ning's flame and fever's fire.[4]

[1] Severus, who was equally victorious in the Eastern and Western World: but those conquests, however glorious, were conducive to the ruin of the Roman Empire. — See GIBBON, vol. vi. chap. v. p. 203.

[2] In allusion to the real or feigned victory obtained by Fingal over Caracul or Caracalla. — See OSSIAN.

[3] Very few of the Emperors after Severus escaped assassination.

[4] Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Alexander, Maximin Pupienus, Balbinus, Gordian, Philip, etc., were assassinated; Claudius died of a pestilential fever; and Carus was struck dead by lightning in his tent.

They come! they leave their frozen regions,
  Where Scandinavia's wilds extend;
And Rome, though girt with dazzling legions,
  Beneath their blasting power shall bend.

Woe, woe to Rome! though tall and ample
  She rears her domes of high renown;
Yet fiery Goths shall fiercely trample
  The grandeur of her temples down!

She sinks to dust; and who shall pity
  Her dark despair and hopeless groans?
There is a wailing in her city —
  Her babes are dash'd against the stones!

Then, Mona! then, though wan and blighted
  Thy hopes be now by Sorrow's dearth,
Then all thy wrongs shall be requited —
  The Queen of Nations bows to earth!

## THE EXPEDITION OF NADIR SHAH INTO HINDOSTAN.

'Quoi! vous allez combattre un roi, dont la puissance
Semble forcer le ciel de prendre sa défense,
Sous qui toute l'Asie a vu tomber ses rois
Et qui tient la fortune attachée à ses lois!'

RACINE'S *Alexandre.*

'Squallent populatibus agri.'

CLAUDIAN.

As the host of the locusts in numbers, in might
As the flames of the forest that redden the night,
They approach: but the eye may not dwell on the glare
Of standard and sabre that sparkle in air.

Like the fiends of destruction they rush on their way,
The vulture behind them is wild for his prey;
And the spirits of death, and the demons of wrath,
Wave the gloom of their wings o'er their desolate path.

Earth trembles beneath them, the dauntless, the bold.
Oh! weep for thy children, thou region of gold;[1]
For thy thousands are bow'd to the dust of the plain,
And all Delhi runs red with the blood of her slain.

[1] This invader required as a ransom for Mohammed Shah no less than thirty millions, and amassed in the rich city of Delhi the enormous sum of two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling. Others, however, differ considerably in their account of this treasure.

For thy glory is past, and thy splendour is dim,
And the cup of thy sorrow is full to the brim;
And where is the chief in thy realms to abide,
The 'Monarch of Nations,'[1] the strength of his pride?

Like a thousand dark streams from the mountain they throng,
With the fife and the horn and the war-beating gong:
The land like an Eden before them is fair,
But behind them a wilderness dreary and bare.[2]

The shrieks of the orphan, the lone widow's wail,
The groans of the childless, are loud on the gale;
For the star of thy glory is blasted and wan,
And wither'd the flower of thy fame, Hindostan!

## THE MAID OF SAVOY.

Down Savoy's hills of stainless white
A thousand currents run,
And sparkle bright in the early light
Of the slowly-rising sun:

[1] Such pompous epithets the Oriental writers are accustomed to bestow on their monarchs; of which sufficient specimens may be seen in Sir William Jones's translation of the History of Nadir Shah. We can scarcely read one page of this work without meeting with such sentences as these: 'Le roi de rois;' 'Les étendards qui subjuguent le monde;' 'L'âme rayonnante de sa majesté;' 'Le rayonnant monarque du monde;' 'Sa majesté conquérante du monde;' etc.

[2] 'The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.'—Joel.

But brighter far,
Like the glance of a star
From regions above,
Is the look of love
In the eye of the Maid of Savoy!

Down Savoy's hills of lucid snow
A thousand roebucks leap,
And headlong they go when the bugles blow,
And sound from steep to steep:
But lighter far,
Like the motion of air
On the smooth river's bed,
Is the noiseless tread
Of the foot of the Maid of Savoy!

In Savoy's vales, with green array'd,
A thousand blossoms flower,
'Neath the odorous shade by the larches made,
In their own ambrosial bower:
But sweeter still,
Like the cedars which rise
On Lebanon's hill
To the pure blue skies,
Is the breath of the Maid of Savoy!

In Savoy's groves full merrily sing
A thousand songsters gay,
When the breath of spring calls them forth on the wing,
To sport in the sun's mild ray:

But softer far,
Like the holy song
Of angels in air,
When they sweep along,
  Is the voice of the Maid of Savoy!

## MIDNIGHT.

'T is midnight o'er the dim mere's lonely bosom,
  Dark, dusky, windy midnight: swift are driven
The swelling vapours onward: every blossom
  Bathes its bright petals in the tears of heaven.
Imperfect, half-seen objects meet the sight,
  The other half our fancy must pourtray;
A wan, dull, lengthen'd sheet of swimming light
  Lies the broad lake: the moon conceals her ray,
Sketch'd faintly by a pale and lurid gleam
  Shot thro' the glimmering clouds: the lovely planet
Is shrouded in obscurity; the scream
  Of owl is silenc'd; and the rocks of granite
Rise tall and drearily, while damp and dank
Hang the thick willows on the reedy bank.
Beneath, the gurgling eddies slowly creep,
  Blacken'd by foliage; and the glutting wave,
That saps eternally the cold grey steep,
  Sounds heavily within the hollow cave.

All earth is restless — from his glossy wing[1]
  The heath-fowl lifts his head at intervals;
  Wet, driving, rainy, come the bursting squalls;
All nature wears her dun dead covering.
Tempest is gather'd, and the brooding storm
Spreads its black mantle o'er the mountain's form;
And, mingled with the rising roar, is swelling,
From the far hunter's booth, the blood hound's yelling.
The water-falls in various cadence chiming,
  Or in one loud unbroken sheet descending,
    Salute each other thro' the night's dark womb;
  The moaning pine-trees to the wild blast bending,
    Are pictured faintly thro' the chequer'd gloom;
The forests, half-way up the mountain climbing,
  Resound with crash of falling branches; quiver
    Their aged mossy trunks: the startled doe
  Leaps from her leafy lair: the swelling river
    Winds his broad stream majestic, deep, and slow.

## SCOTCH SONG.

THERE are tears o' pity, an' tears o' wae,
An' tears for excess o' joy will fa';
*Yet the tears o' luve are sweeter than a'!*

There are sighs o' pity, an' sighs o' wae,
An' sighs o' regret frae the saul will gae;
*Yet the sighs o' luve are sweeter than a'!*

[1] The succeeding lines are a paraphrase of Ossian.

There 's the look o' pity, the look o' wae,
The look o' frien', an' the look o' fae;
*Yet the look o' luve is sweeter than a' !*

There 's the smile o' friends when they come frae far,
There 's the smile o' joy in the festive ha';
*Yet the smile o' luve is sweeter than a' !*

## SONG.

It is the solemn even-time,
  And the holy organ 's pealing:
And the vesper chime, oh! the vesper chime!
  O'er the clear blue wave is stealing.

It is the solemn mingled swell
  Of the monks in chorus singing:
And the vesper bell, oh! the vesper bell!
  To the gale is its soft note flinging.

'T is the sound of the voices sweeping along,
  Like the wind thro' a grove of larches:
And the vesper song, oh! the vesper song!
  Echoes sad thro' the cloister'd arches.

## FRIENDSHIP.

'Neque ego nunc de vulgari aut de mediocri, quæ tamen ipsa et delectat et prodest, sed de vera et perfecta loquor (amicitia) qualis eorum, qui pauci nominantur, fuit.'—CICERO.

O THOU most holy Friendship! wheresoe'er
  Thy dwelling be — for in the courts of man
But seldom thine all-heavenly voice we hear,
  Sweet'ning the moments of our narrow span;
And seldom thy bright foot-steps do we scan
  Along the weary waste of life unblest,
For faithless is its frail and wayward plan,
  And perfidy is man's eternal guest,
With dark suspicion link'd and shameless interest! —

'T is thine, when life has reach'd its final goal,
  Ere the last sigh that frees the mind be giv'n,
To speak sweet solace to the parting soul,
  And pave the bitter path that leads to heav'n:
'T is thine, whene'er the heart is rack'd and riv'n
  By the hot shafts of baleful calumny,
When the dark spirit to despair is driv'n,
  To teach its lonely grief to lean on thee,
And pour within thine ear the tale of misery.

But where art thou, thou comet of an age,
  Thou phœnix of a century? Perchance
Thou art but of those fables which engage
  And hold the minds of men in giddy trance.

Yet, be it so, and be it all romance,
  The thought of thine existence is so bright
With beautiful imaginings — the glance
  Upon thy fancied being such delight,
That I will deem thee Truth, so lovely is thy might!

## 'AND ASK YE WHY THESE SAD TEARS STREAM?'

'Te somnia nostra reducunt.'
OVID.

AND ask ye why these sad tears stream?
  Why these wan eyes are dim with weeping?
I had a dream — a lovely dream,
  Of her that in the grave is sleeping.

I saw her as 't was yesterday,
  The bloom upon her cheek still glowing;
And round her play'd a golden ray,
  And on her brows were gay flowers blowing.

With angel-hand she swept a lyre,
  A garland red with roses bound it;
Its strings were wreath'd with lambent fire
  And amaranth was woven round it.

I saw her mid the realms of light,
  In everlasting radiance gleaming;
Co-equal with the seraphs bright,
  Mid thousand thousand angels beaming.

I strove to reach her, when, behold,
  Those fairy forms of bliss Elysian,
And all that rich scene wrapt in gold,
  Faded in air — a lovely vision !

And I awoke, but oh ! to me
  That waking hour was doubly weary ;
And yet I could not envy thee,
  Although so blest, and I so dreary.

## ON SUBLIMITY.

'The sublime always dwells on great objects and terrible.'
BURKE.

O TELL me not of vales in tenderest green,
  The poplar's shade, the plantane's graceful tree ;
Give me the wild cascade, the rugged scene,
  The loud surge bursting o'er the purple sea :
On such sad views my soul delights to pore,
  By Teneriffe's peak, or Kilda's giant height,
Or dark Loffoden's melancholy shore,
  What time grey eve is fading into night ;
When by that twilight beam I scarce descry
The mingled shades of earth and sea and sky.

Give me to wander at midnight alone,
  Through some august cathedral, where, from high,
The cold, clear moon on the mosaic stone
  Comes glancing in gay colours gloriously,
Through windows rich with gorgeous blazonry,
  Gilding the niches dim, where, side by side,

Stand antique mitred prelates, whose bones lie
  Beneath the pavement, where their deeds of pride
Were graven, but long since are worn away
By constant feet of ages day by day.

Then, as Imagination aids, I hear
  Wild heavenly voices sounding from the quoir,
And more than mortal music meets mine ear,
  Whose long, long notes among the tombs expire,
With solemn rustling of cherubic wings,
  Round those vast columns which the roof upbear;
While sad and undistinguishable things
  Do flit athwart the moonlit windows there;
And my blood curdles at the chilling sound
Of lone, unearthly steps, that pace the hallow'd
    ground!

I love the starry spangled heav'n, resembling
  A canopy with fiery gems o'erspread,
When the wide loch with silvery sheen is trembling,
  Far stretch'd beneath the mountain's hoary head.
But most I love that sky, when, dark with storms,
  It frowns terrific o'er this wilder'd earth,
While the black clouds, in strange and uncouth forms,
  Come hurrying onward in their ruinous wrath;
And shrouding in their deep and gloomy robe
The burning eyes of heav'n and Dian's lucid globe!

I love your voice, ye echoing winds, that sweep
  Thro' the wide womb of midnight, when the veil
Of darkness rests upon the mighty deep,

The labouring vessel, and the shatter'd sail —
Save when the forked bolts of lightning leap
On flashing pinions, and the mariner pale
Raises his eyes to heaven. Oh! who would sleep
What time the rushing of the angry gale
Is loud upon the waters? — Hail, all hail!
Tempest and clouds and night and thunder's rending
peal!

All hail, Sublimity! thou lofty one,
For thou dost walk upon the blast, and gird
Thy majesty with terrors, and thy throne
Is on the whirlwind, and thy voice is heard
In thunders and in shakings: thy delight
Is in the secret wood, the blasted heath,
The ruin'd fortress, and the dizzy height,
The grave, the ghastly charnel-house of death,
In vaults, in cloisters, and in gloomy piles,
Long corridors and towers and solitary aisles!

Thy joy is in obscurity, and plain
Is nought with thee; and on thy steps attend
Shadows but half-distinguish'd; the thin train
Of hovering spirits round thy pathway bend,
With their low tremulous voice and airy tread,[1]
What time the tomb above them yawns and gapes:
For thou dost hold communion with the dead
Phantoms and phantasies and grisly shapes;

[1] According to Burke, a low tremulous intermitted sound is conducive to the sublime.

And shades and headless spectres of Saint Mark, [1]
Seen by a lurid light, formless and still and dark !

What joy to view the varied rainbow smile
  On Niagara's flood of matchless might,
Where all around the melancholy isle [2]
  The billows sparkle with their hues of light !
While, as the restless surges roar and rave,
  The arrowy stream descends with awful sound,
Wheeling and whirling with each breathless wave,
  Immense, sublime, magnificent, profound !
If thou hast seen all this, and could'st not feel,
Then know, thine heart is fram'd of marble or of steel.

The hurricane fair earth to darkness changing,
  Kentucky's chambers of eternal gloom,[4]
The swift-pac'd columns of the desert ranging
  Th' uneven waste, the violent Simoom,
Thy snow-clad peaks, stupendous Gungotree !
  Whence springs the hallow'd Jumna's echoing tide,

[1] It is a received opinion, that on St. Mark's Eve all the persons who are to die on the following year make their appearances without their heads in the churches of their respective parishes. — See DR. LANGHORNE'S *Notes to Collins.*

[2] This island, on both sides of which the waters rush with astonishing swiftness, is 900 or 800 feet long, and its lower edge is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall.

[3] 'Undis Phlegethon perlustrat ANHELIS.' — CLAUDIAN.

[4] See Dr. Nahum Ward's account of the great Kentucky Cavern, in the *Monthly Magazine*, October 1816.

Hoar Cotopaxi's cloud-capt majesty,
  Enormous Chimborazo's naked pride,
The dizzy Cape of winds that cleaves the sky,[1]
Whence we look down into eternity,

The pillar'd cave of Morven's giant king,[2]
  The Yanar,[3] and the Geyser's boiling fountain,
The deep volcano's inward murmuring,
  The shadowy Colossus of the mountain ; [4]
Antiparos, where sun-beams never enter ;
  Loud Stromboli, amid the quaking isles ;
The terrible Maelstroom, around his centre
  Wheeling his circuit of unnumber'd miles :
These, these are sights and sounds that freeze the blood,
Yet charm the awe-struck soul which doats on solitude.

[1] In the Ukraine.

[2] Fingal's Cave in the Island of Staffa. If the Colossus of Rhodes bestrid a harbour, Fingal's powers were certainly far from despicable : —

A chos air Cromleach druim-ard
Chos eile air Crommeal dubh
Thoga Fion le lamh mhoir
An d'uisge o Lubhair na fruth.

With one foot on Cromleach his brow,
The other on Crommeal the dark,
Fion took up with his large hand
The water from Lubhair of streams.

See the Dissertations prefixed to Ossian's *Poems.*

[3] Or, perpetual fire.

[4] Alias, the Spectre of the Broken.

Blest be the bard, whose willing feet rejoice
  To tread the emerald green of Fancy's vales,
Who hears the music of her heavenly voice,
  And breathes the rapture of her nectar'd gales!
Blest be the bard, whom golden Fancy loves,
  He strays for ever thro' her blooming bowers,
Amid the rich profusion of her groves,
  And wreathes his forehead with her spicy flowers
Of sunny radiance; but how blest is he
Who feels the genuine force of high Sublimity!

## THE DEITY.

'Immutable — immortal — infinite!'
MILTON.

WHERE is the wonderful abode,
  The holy, secret, searchless shrine,
Where dwells the immaterial God,
  The all-pervading and benign?

O! that he were reveal'd to me,
  Fully and palpably display'd
In all the awful majesty
  Of heaven's consummate pomp array'd —

How would the overwhelming light
  Of his tremendous presence beam!
And how insufferably bright
  Would the broad glow of glory stream!

What tho' this flesh would fade like grass,
  Before th' intensity of day?
One glance at Him who always was,
  The fiercest pangs would well repay.

When Moses on the mountain's brow
  Had met th' Eternal face to face,
While anxious Israel stood below,
  Wond'ring and trembling at its base;

His visage, as he downward trod,
  Shone starlike on the shrinking crowd,
With lustre borrow'd from his God:
  They could not brook it, and they bow'd.

The mere reflection of the blaze
  That lighten'd round creation's Lord,
Was too puissant for their gaze;
  And he that caught it was ador'd.

Then how ineffably august,
  How passing wond'rous must He be,
Whose presence lent to earthly dust
  Such permanence of brilliancy!

Thron'd in sequester'd sanctity,
  And with transcendant glories crown'd;
With all his works beneath his eye,
  And suns and systems burning round,—

How shall I hymn him? How aspire
  His holy Name with song to blend,
And bid my rash and feeble lyre
  To such an awless flight ascend?

## TIME: AN ODE.

I SEE the chariot, where,
Throughout the purple air,
  The forelock'd monarch rides:
Arm'd like some antique vehicle for war,
Time, hoary Time! I see thy scythed car,
In voiceless majesty,
Cleaving the clouds of ages that float by,
  And change their many-colour'd sides,
    Now dark, now dun, now richly bright,
    In an ever-varying light.
  The great, the lowly, and the brave
      Bow down before the rushing force
      Of thine unconquerable course;
  Thy wheels are noiseless as the grave,
  Yet fleet as Heaven's red bolt they hurry on,
  They pass above us, and are gone!

Clear is the track which thou hast past;
    Strew'd with the wrecks of frail renown,
    Robe, sceptre, banner, wreath, and crown,
      The pathway that before thee lies,
An undistinguishable waste,
      Invisible to human eyes,
  Which fain would scan the various shapes which glide
      In dusky cavalcade,

Imperfectly descried,
Through that intense, impenetrable shade.

Four grey steeds thy chariot draw;
In th' obdurate, tameless jaw
Their rusted iron bits they sternly champ;
Ye may not hear the echoing tramp
Of their light-bounding, windy feet,
Upon that cloudy pavement beat.
Four wings have each, which, far outspread,
Receive the many blasts of heav'n,
As with unwearied speed,
Throughout the long extent of ether driven,
Onward they rush for ever and for aye:
Thy voice, thou mighty Charioteer!
Always sounding in their ear,
Throughout the gloom of night and heat of day.

Fast behind thee follows Death,
Thro' the ranks of wan and weeping,
That yield their miserable breath,
On with his pallid courser proudly sweeping.
Arm'd is he in full mail,[1]
Bright breast-plate and high crest,
Nor is the trenchant falchion wanting:
So fiercely does he ride the gale,

[1] I am indebted for the idea of Death's Armour to that famous Chorus in Caractacus beginning with —
'Hark! heard ye not that footstep dread?'

On Time's dark car, before him, rest
The dew-drops of his charger's panting.

On, on they go along the boundless skies,
All human grandeur fades away
Before their flashing, fiery, hollow eyes;
Beneath the terrible control
Of those vast armed orbs, which roll
Oblivion on the creatures of a day.
Those splendid monuments alone he spares,
Which, to her deathless votaries,
Bright Fame, with glowing hand, uprears
Amid the waste of countless years.

'Live ye!' to these he crieth; 'live!
To ye eternity I give —
Ye, upon whose blessed birth
The noblest star of heaven hath shone;
Live, when the ponderous pyramids of earth
Are crumbling in oblivion!
Live, when, wrapt in sullen shade,
The golden hosts of heaven shall fade;
Live, when yon gorgeous sun on high
Shall veil the sparkling of his eye!
Live, when imperial Time and Death himself shall
die!'

## GOD'S DENUNCIATIONS AGAINST PHARAOH-HOPHRA, OR APRIES.

THOU beast of the flood, who hast said in thy soul,
'I have made me a stream that for ever shall roll!'[1]
Thy strength is the flower that shall last but a day,
And thy might is the snow in the sun's burning ray.

Arm, arm from the east, Babylonia's son!
Arm, arm for the battle — the Lord leads thee on!
With the shield of thy fame, and the power of thy pride,
Arm, arm in thy glory — the Lord is thy guide.

Thou shalt come like a storm when the moonlight is dim,
And the lake's gloomy bosom is full to the brim;
Thou shalt come like the flash in the darkness of night,
When the wolves of the forest shall howl for affright.

[1] 'Pliny's reproach to the Egyptians, for their vain and foolish pride with regard to the inundations of the Nile, points out one of their most distinguishing characteristics, and recalls to my mind a fine passage of Ezekiel, where God thus speaks to Pharaoh, one of their kings: "Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, that hath said, MY RIVER IS MINE OWN, AND I HAVE MADE IT FOR MYSELF."'—ROLLIN, vol. i. p. 216.

Woe, woe to thee, Tanis![1] thy babes shall be thrown
By the barbarous hands on the cold marble-stone:
Woe, woe to thee, Nile! for thy stream shall be red
With the blood that shall gush o'er thy billowy bed!

Woe, woe to thee, Memphis! the war-cry is near,
And the child shall be toss'd on the murderer's spear;
For fiercely he comes in the day of his ire,
With wheels like a whirlwind, and chariots of fire!

## THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

HARK! how the gale, in mournful notes and stern,
  Sighs thro' yon grove of aged oaks, that wave
(While down these solitary walks I turn)
  Their mingled branches o'er yon lonely grave!

Poor soul! the dawning of thy life was dim;
  Frown'd the dark clouds upon thy natal day;
Soon rose thy cup of sorrow to the brim,
  And hope itself but shed a doubtful ray.

That hope had fled, and all within was gloom;
  That hope had fled — thy woe to phrenzy grew;
For thou, wed to misery from the womb —
  Scarce one bright scene thy night of darkness
    knew!

[1] The Scriptural appellations are 'Zoan' and 'Noph.'

Oft when the moon-beam on the cold bank sleeps,
  Where 'neath the dewy turf thy form is laid,
In silent woe thy wretched mother weeps,
  By this lone tomb, and by this oak-tree's shade.

'Oh! softly tread: in death he slumbers here;
  'T is here,' she cries, 'within his narrow cell!' —
The bitter sob, the wildly-starting tear,
  The quivering lip, proclaim the rest too well!

## THE WALK AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tremulo sub lumine.'
VIRGIL.

SOFT, shadowy moon-beam! by thy light
  Sleeps the wide meer serenely pale:
How various are the sounds of night,
  Borne on the scarcely-rising gale!

The swell of distant brook is heard,
  Whose far-off waters faintly roll;
And piping of the shrill small bird,
  Arrested by the wand'ring owl.

Come hither! let us thread with care
  The maze of this green path, which binds
The beauties of the broad parterre,
  And thro' yon fragrant alley winds.

Or on this old bench will we sit,
  Round which the clust'ring woodbine wreathes;
While birds of night around us flit;
  And thro' each lavish wood-walk breathes,

Unto my ravish'd senses, brought
  From yon thick-woven odorous bowers,
The still rich breeze, with incense fraught
  Of glowing fruits and spangled flowers.

The whispering leaves, the gushing stream,
  Where trembles the uncertain moon,
Suit more the poet's pensive dream,
  Than all the jarring notes of noon.

Then, to the thickly-crowded mart
  The eager sons of interest press;
Then, shine the tinsel works of art —
  Now, all is Nature's loneliness!

Then, wealth aloft in state displays
  The glittering of her gilded cars;
Now, dimly stream the mingled rays
  Of yon far-twinkling, silver stars.

Yon church, whose cold grey spire appears
  In the black outline of the trees,
Conceals the object of my tears,
  Whose form in dreams my spirit sees.

There in the chilling bed of earth,
  The chancel's letter'd stone above —
There sleepeth she who gave me birth,
  Who taught my lips the hymn of love!

Yon mossy stems of ancient oak,
  So widely crown'd with sombre shade,
Those ne'er have heard the woodman's stroke
  Their solemn, secret depths invade.

How oft the grassy way I 've trod
  That winds their knotty boles between,
And gather'd from the blooming sod
  The flowers that flourish'd there unseen!

Rise! let us trace that path once more,
  While o'er our track the cold beams shine;
Down this low shingly vale, and o'er
  Yon rude rough bridge of prostrate pine.

## MITHRIDATES PRESENTING BERENICE WITH THE CUP OF POISON.

Oh! Berenice, lorn and lost,
  This wretched soul with shame is bleeding:
Oh! Berenice, I am tost
  By griefs, like wave to wave succeeding.

Fall'n Pontus! all her fame is gone,
  And dim the splendour of her glory;
Low in the west her evening sun,
  And dark the lustre of her story.

Dead is the wreath that round her brow
  The glowing hands of Honour braided;
What change of fate can wait her now,
  Her sceptre spoil'd, her throne degraded?

And wilt thou, wilt thou basely go,
  My love, thy life, thy country shaming,
In all the agonies of woe,
  Mid madd'ning shouts, and standards flaming?

And wilt thou, wilt thou basely go,
  Proud Rome's triumphal car adorning?
Hark! hark! I hear thee answer 'No!'
  The proffer'd life of thraldom scorning.

Lone, crownless, destitute, and poor,
  My heart with bitter pain is burning;
So thick a cloud of night hangs o'er,
  My daylight into darkness turning.

Yet though my spirit, bow'd with ill,
  Small hope from future fortune borrows;
One glorious thought shall cheer me still,
  That thou art free from abject sorrows —

Art free for ever from the strife
  Of slavery's pangs and tearful anguish;
For life is death, and death is life,
  To those whose limbs in fetters languish.

Fill high the bowl! the draught is thine!
  The Romans! — now thou need'st not heed them!
'T is nobler than the noblest wine —
  It gives thee back to fame and freedom!

The scalding tears my cheek bedew;
  My life, my love, my all — we sever!
One last embrace, one long adieu,
  And then farewell — farewell for ever!

In reality Mithridates had no personal interview with Monima and Berenice before the deaths of those princesses, but only sent his eunuch Bacchidas to signify his intention that they should die. I have chosen Berenice as the more general name, though Monima was his peculiar favourite.

## THE OLD CHIEFTAIN.

'And said I, that my limbs were old!'
SCOTT.

RAISE, raise the song of the hundred shells!
  Though my hair is grey and my limbs are cold;
Yet in my bosom proudly dwells
  The memory of the days of old;

When my voice was high, and my arm was strong,
  And the foeman before my stroke would bow,
And I could have rais'd the sounding song
  As loudly as I hear ye now.

For when I have chanted the bold song of death,
  Not a page would have stay'd in the hall,
Not a lance in the rest, not a sword in the sheath,
  Not a shield on the dim grey wall.

And who might resist the united powers
  Of battle and music that day,
When, all martiall'd in arms on the heaven-kissing
      towers,
  Stood the chieftains in peerless array?

When our enemies sunk from our eyes as the snow
  Which falls down the stream in the dell,
When each word that I spake was the death of a foe,
  And each note of my harp was his knell?

So raise ye the song of the hundred shells;
  Though my hair is grey and my limbs are cold,
Yet in my bosom proudly dwells
  The memory of the days of old!

## THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
  Thou art low! thou mighty one,
How is the brilliance of thy diadem,
  How is the lustre of thy throne
Rent from thee, and thy sun of fame
  Darken'd by the shadowy pinion
    Of the Roman bird, whose sway
    All the tribes of earth obey,
  Crouching 'neath his dread dominion,
And the terrors of his name!

How is thy royal seat — whereon
    Sate in days of yore
Lowly Jesse's godlike son,
And the strength of Solomon,
  In those rich and happy times
    When the ships from Tarshish bore
      Incense, and from Ophir's land,
    With silken sail and cedar oar,
      Wafting to Judea's strand
  All the wealth of foreign climes —
  How is thy royal seat o'erthrown!
    Gone is all thy majesty:
      Salem! Salem! city of kings,
  Thou sittest desolate and lone,
    Where once the glory of the Most High
      Dwelt visibly enshrin'd between the wings

Of Cherubims, within whose bright embrace
The golden mercy-seat remain'd:
Land of Jehovah! view that sacred place
Abandon'd and profan'd!

Wail! fallen Salem! Wail:
Mohammed's votaries pollute thy fane;
The dark division of thine holy veil
Is rent in twain!
Thrice hath Sion's crowned rock
Seen thy temple's marble state,
Awfully, serenely great,
Towering on his sainted brow,
Rear its pinnacles of snow:
Thrice, with desolating shock,
Down to earth hath seen it driv'n
From his heights, which reach to heaven!

Wail, fallen Salem! Wail:
Though not one stone above another
There was left to tell the tale
Of the greatness of thy story,
Yet the long lapse of ages cannot smother
The blaze of thine abounding glory;
Which thro' the mist of rolling years,
O'er history's darken'd page appears,
Like the morning star, whose gleam
Gazeth thro' the waste of night,
What time old ocean's purple stream

In his cold surge hath deeply lav'd
Its ardent front of dewy light.
Oh! who shall e'er forget thy bands, which brav'd
The terrors of the desert's barren reign,
And that strong arm which broke the chain
Wherein ye foully lay enslav'd,
Or that sublime Theocracy which pav'd
Your way thro' ocean's vast domain,
And on, far on to Canaan's emerald plain
Led the Israelitish crowd
With a pillar and a cloud?

Signs on earth and signs on high
Prophesied thy destiny;
A trumpet's voice above thee rung,
A starry sabre o'er thee hung;
Visions of fiery armies, redly flashing
In the many-colour'd glare
Of the setting orb of day;
And flaming chariots, fiercely dashing,
Swept along the peopled air,
In magnificent array:
The temple doors, on brazen hinges crashing,
Burst open with appalling sound,
A wond'rous radiance streaming round!

'Our blood be on our heads!' ye said:
Such your awless imprecation:
Full bitterly at length 't was paid
Upon your captive nation!

Arms of adverse legions bound thee,
Plague and pestilence stood round thee;
Seven weary suns had brighten'd Syria's sky,
Yet still was heard th' unceasing cry —
From south, north, east, and west, a voice,
'Woe unto thy sons and daughters!
Woe to Salem! thou art lost!'
A sound divine
Came from the sainted, secret, inmost shrine:
'Let us go hence!' — and then a noise —
The thunders of the parting Deity,
Like the rush of countless waters,
Like the murmur of a host!

Though now each glorious hope be blighted,
Yet an hour shall come, when ye,
Though scatter'd like the chaff, shall be
Beneath one standard once again united;
When your wandering race shall own,
Prostrate at the dazzling throne
Of your high Almighty Lord,
The wonders of his searchless word,
Th' unfading splendours of his Son!

## LAMENTATION OF THE PERUVIANS.

The foes of the east have come down on our shore,
And the state and the strength of Peru are no more:
Oh! curs'd, doubly curs'd, was that desolate hour,
When they spread o'er our land in the pride of their power!
Lament for the Inca, the son of the Sun;
Ataliba 's fallen — Peru is undone!

Pizarro! Pizarro! though conquest may wing
Her course round thy banners that wanton in air;
Yet remorse to thy grief-stricken conscience shall cling,
And shriek o'er thy banquets in sounds of despair.
It shall tell thee, that he who beholds from his throne
The blood thou hast spilt and the deeds thou hast done,
Shall mock at thy fear, and rejoice at thy groan,
And arise in his wrath for the death of his son!
Why blew ye, ye gales, when the murderer came?
Why fann'd ye the fire, and why fed ye the flame?
Why sped ye his sails o'er the ocean so blue?
Are ye also combin'd for the fall of Peru?
And thou, whom no prayers, no entreaties can bend,
Thy crimes and thy murders to heav'n shall ascend:

For vengeance the ghosts of our forefathers call;
At thy threshold, Pizarro, in death shalt thou fall!
Ay there — even there in the halls of thy pride,
With the blood of thine heart shall thy portals be dyed!

Lo! dark as the tempests that frown from the north,
From the cloud of past time Manco Capac looks forth —
Great Inca! to whom the gay day-star gave birth,
Whose throne is the heaven, and whose foot-stool the earth —
His visage is sad as the vapours that rise
From the desolate mountain of fire to the skies;
But his eye flashes flame as the lightnings that streak
Those volumes that shroud the volcano's high peak.
Hark! he speaks — bids us fly to our mountains, and cherish
Bold freedom's last spark ere for ever it perish;
Bids us leave these wild condors to prey on each other,
Each to bathe his fierce beak in the gore of his brother!
This symbol we take of our godhead the Sun,
And curse thee and thine for the deeds thou hast done.
May the curses pursue thee of those thou hast slain,
Of those that have fallen in war on the plain,
When we went forth to greet ye — but foully ye threw
Your dark shots of death on the sons of Peru.
May the curse of the widow — the curse of the brave —
The curse of the fatherless, cleave to thy grave!

And the words which they spake with their last dying
breath,
Embitter the pangs and the tortures of death!

May he that assists thee be childless and poor,
With famine behind him, and death at his door:
May his nights be all sleepless, his days spent alone,
And ne'er may he list to a voice but his own!
Or, if he shall sleep, in his dreams may he view
The ghost of our Inca, the fiends of Peru:
May the flames of destruction that here he has spread
Be tenfold return'd on his murderous head!

## 'THE SUN GOES DOWN IN THE DARK BLUE MAIN.'

'Irreparabile tempus.'
VIRGIL.

THE sun goes down in the dark blue main,
To rise the brighter to-morrow;
But oh! what charm can restore again
Those days now consign'd to sorrow?

The moon goes down on the calm still night,
To rise sweeter than when she parted;
But oh! what charm can restore the light
Of joy to the broken-hearted?

The blossoms depart in the wintry hour,
  To rise in vernal glory;
But oh! what charm can restore the flower
  Of youth to the old and hoary?

## ON A DEAD ENEMY.

'Non odi mortuum.' — CICERO.

I CAME in haste with cursing breath,
  And heart of hardest steel;
But when I saw thee cold in death,
  I felt as man should feel.

For when I look upon that face,
  That cold, unheeding, frigid brow,
Where neither rage nor fear has place,
  By Heaven! I cannot hate thee now!

## THE DUKE OF ALVA'S OBSERVATION ON KINGS.[1]

KINGS, when to private audience they descend,
  And make the baffled courtier their prey,
Do use an orange, as they treat a friend —
  Extract the juice, and cast the rind away.

[1] See D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*

When thou art favour'd by thy sovereign's eye,
  Let not his glance thine inmost thoughts discover;
Or he will scan thee through, and lay thee by,
  Like some old book which he has read all over.

## 'AH! YES, THE LIP MAY FAINTLY SMILE.'

Ah! yes, the lip may faintly smile,
The eye may sparkle for a while;
But never from that wither'd heart
The consciousness of ill shall part!

That glance, that smile of passing light,
Are as the rainbow of the night;
But seldom seen, it dares to bloom
Upon the bosom of the gloom.

Its tints are sad and coldly pale,
Dim-glimmering thro' their misty veil;
Unlike the ardent hues which play
Along the flowery bow of day.

The moon-beams sink in dark-rob'd shades,
Too soon the airy vision fades;
And double night returns, to shroud
The volumes of the showery cloud.

## 'THOU CAMEST TO THY BOWER, MY LOVE, ACROSS THE MUSKY GROVE.'

'Virgo egregia forma.'—TERENCE.

THOU camest to thy bower, my love, across the musky grove,
To fan thy blooming charms within the coolness of the shade;
Thy locks were like a midnight cloud with silver moon-beams wove,[1]
And o'er thy face the varying tints of youthful passion play'd.

Thy breath was like the sandal-wood that casts a rich perfume,
Thy blue eyes mock 'd the lotos in the noon-day of his bloom;
Thy cheeks were like the beamy flush that gilds the breaking day,
And in th' ambrosia of thy smiles the god of rapture lay.[2]

Fair as the cairba-stone art thou, that stone of dazzling white,[3]

[1] A simile elicited from the songs of Jayadeva, the Horace of India.

[2] Vide Horace's ODE — 'Pulchris EXCUBAT in genis.'

[3] Vide Sale's *Koran*.

Ere yet unholy fingers chang'd its milk-white hue to night;
And lovelier than the loveliest glance from Even's placid star,
And brighter than the sea of gold,[1] the gorgeous Himsagar.

In high Mohammed's boundless heaven Al Cawthor's stream may play,
The fount of youth may sparkling gush beneath the western ray;[2]
And Tasnim's wave in chrystal cups may glow with musk and wine,
But oh! their lustre could not match one beauteous tear of thine!

## THE PASSIONS.

'You have passions in your heart — scorpions; they sleep now — beware how you awaken them! they will sting you even to death!' — *Mysteries of Udolpho*, vol. iii.

BEWARE, beware, ere thou takest
The draught of misery!
Beware, beware, e'er thou wakest
The scorpions that sleep in thee!

[1] See Sir William Jones on Eastern Plants.

[2] The fabled fountain of youth in the Bahamas, in search of which Juan Ponce de Leon discovered Florida.

The woes which thou canst not number,
  As yet are wrapt in sleep;
Yet oh! yet they slumber,
  But their slumbers are not deep.

Yet oh! yet while the rancour
  Of hate has no place in thee,
While thy buoyant soul has an anchor
  In youth's bright tranquil sea:

Yet oh! yet while the blossom
  Of hope is blooming fair,
While the beam of bliss lights thy bosom —
  O! rouse not the serpent there!

For bitter thy tears will trickle
  'Neath misery's heavy load,
When the world has put in its sickle
  To the crop which fancy sow'd.

When the world has rent the cable
  That bound thee to the shore,
And launched thee weak and unable
  To bear the billow's roar;

Then the slightest touch will waken
  Those pangs that will always grieve thee,
And thy soul will be fiercely shaken
  With storms that will never leave thee!

So beware, beware, ere thou takest
  The draught of misery!
Beware, beware, ere thou wakest
  The scorpions that sleep in thee!

## THE HIGH-PRIEST TO ALEXANDER.

'Derrame en todo el orbe de la tierra
Las armas, el furor, y nueva guerra.'
*La Araucana*, cant. xvi.

Go forth, thou man of force!
  The world is all thine own;
Before thy dreadful course
  Shall totter every throne.
Let India's jewels glow
  Upon thy diadem:
Go, forth to conquest go,
  But spare Jerusalem.
    For the God of gods, which liveth
      Through all eternity,
    'T is he alone which giveth
      And taketh victory:
    'T is he the bow that blasteth,
      And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
    And the Lord of armies resteth
      In his Holy of Holies for ever!

For God is Salem's spear,
  And God is Salem's sword;
What mortal man shall dare
  To combat with the Lord?
Every knee shall bow
  Before his awful sight;
Every thought sink low
  Before the Lord of might.
    For the God of gods, which liveth
      Through all eternity,
    'T is he alone which giveth
      And taketh victory:
    'T is he the bow that blasteth,
      And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
    And the Lord of armies resteth
      In his Holy of Holies for ever!

## ON THE MOON-LIGHT SHINING UPON A FRIEND'S GRAVE.

Show not, O Moon! with pure and liquid beam,
  That mournful spot, where Memory fears to tread;
Glance on the grove, or quiver in the stream,
  Or tip the hills — but shine not on the dead:
It wounds the lonely hearts that still survive,
And after bury'd friends are doom'd to live.

## A CONTRAST.

Dost ask why Laura's soul is riven
  By pangs her prudence can't command?
To one who heeds not she has giv'n
  Her *heart,* alas! *without her hand.*

But Chloe claims our sympathy,
  To wealth a martyr and a slave;
For when the knot she dar'd to tie,
  *Her hand without her heart she gave.*

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

'It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.'
Byron.

I die — my limbs with icy feeling
  Bespeak that Death is near;
His frozen hand each pulse is stealing;
  Yet still I do not fear!

There is a hope — not frail as that
  Which rests on human things —
The hope of an immortal state,
  And with the King of kings!

And ye may gaze upon my brow,
  Which is not sad, tho' pale;
These hope-illumin'd features show
  But little to bewail.

Death should not chase the wonted bloom
  From off the Christian's face;
Ill prelude of the bliss to come,
  Prepar'd by heavenly grace.

Lament no more — no longer weep
  That I depart from men;
Brief is the intermediate sleep,
  And bliss awaits me then!

## 'HOW GAILY SINKS THE GORGEOUS SUN WITHIN HIS GOLDEN BED.'

'Tu fais naître la lumière
Du sein de l'obscurité.'
ROUSSEAU.

How gaily sinks the gorgeous sun within his golden bed,
As heaven's immortal azure glows and deepens into red!
How gaily shines the burnish'd main beneath that living light,
And trembles with his million waves magnificently bright!

But ah! how soon that orb of day must close his
burning eye,
And night, in sable pall array'd, involve yon lovely
sky!
E'en thus in life our fairest scenes are preludes to
our woe;
For fleeting as that glorious beam is happiness below.
But what? though evil fates may frown upon our
mortal birth,
Yet Hope shall be the star that lights our night of
grief on earth:
And she shall point to sweeter morns, when brighter
suns shall rise,
And spread the radiance of their rays o'er earth, and
sea, and skies!

## 'OH! YE WILD WINDS, THAT ROAR AND RAVE.'

'It is the great army of the dead returning on the northern blast.'
SONG OF THE FIVE BARDS IN OSSIAN.

OH! ye wild winds, that roar and rave
Around the headland's stormy brow,
That toss and heave the Baltic wave,
And bid the sounding forest bow,

Whence is your course? and do ye bear
The sighs of other worlds along,
When through the dark immense of air
Ye rush in tempests loud and strong?

Methinks, upon your moaning course
  I hear the army of the dead;
Each on his own invisible horse,
  Triumphing in his trackless tread.

For when the moon conceals her ray,
  And midnight spreads her darkest veil,
Borne on the air, and far away,
  Upon the eddying blasts they sail.

Then, then their thin and feeble bands
  Along the echoing winds are roll'd;
The bodyless tribes of other lands!
  The formless, misty sons of old!

And then at times their wailings rise,
  The shrilly wailings of the grave!
And mingle with the madden'd skies,
  The rush of wind, and roar of wave.

Heard you that sound? It was the hum
  Of the innumerable host,
As down the northern sky they come,
  Lamenting o'er their glories lost.

Now for a space each shadowy king,
  Who sway'd of old some mighty realm,
Mounts on the tempest's squally wing,
  And grimly frowns thro' barred helm.

Now each dim ghost, with awful yells,
  Uprears on high his cloudy form;
And with his feeble accent swells
  The hundred voices of the storm.

Why leave ye thus the narrow cell,
  Ye lords of night and anarchy!
Your robes the vapours of the dell,
  Your swords the meteors of the sky?

Your bones are whitening on the heath;
  Your fame is in the minds of men:
And would ye break the sleep of death,
  That ye might live to war again?

## SWITZERLAND.

'Tous les objets de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos montagnes?'

RANZ DES VACHES.

WITH Memory's eye,
Thou land of joy!
  I view thy cliffs once more;
And tho' thy plains
Red slaughter stains,
  'T is Freedom's blessed gore.

Thy woody dells,
And shadowy fells,
  Exceed a monarch's halls;
Thy pine-clad hills,
And gushing rills,
  And foaming water-falls.

The Gallic foe
Has work'd thee woe,
  But trumpet never scar'd thee;
How could he think
That thou would'st shrink,
  With all thy rocks to guard thee?

E'en now the Gaul,
That wrought thy fall,
  At his own triumph wonders;
So long the strife
For death and life,
  So loud our rival thunders!

O! when shall Time
Avenge the crime,
  And to our rights restore us?
And bid the Seine
Be chok'd with slain,
  And Paris quake before us?

## BABYLON.

'Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon; sit on the ground: there is no throne.' — ISAIAH xlvii. 1.

Bow, daughter of Babylon, bow thee to dust!
Thine heart shall be quell'd, and thy pride shall be crush'd:
Weep, Babylon, weep! for thy splendour is past;
And they come like the storm in the day of the blast.

Howl, desolate Babylon, lost one and lone!
And bind thee in sack-cloth — for where is thy throne?
Like a wine-press in wrath will I trample thee down,
And rend from thy temples the pride of thy crown.

Though thy streets be a hundred, thy gates be all brass,
Yet thy proud ones of war shall be wither'd like grass;
Thy gates shall be broken, thy strength be laid low,
And thy streets shall resound to the shouts of the foe!

Though thy chariots of power on thy battlements bound,
And the grandeur of waters encompass thee round;
Yet thy walls shall be shaken, thy waters shall fail,
Thy matrons shall shriek, and thy king shall be pale.

The terrible day of thy fall is at hand,
When my rage shall descend on the face of thy land;
The lances are pointed, the keen sword is bar'd,
The shields are anointed,[1] the helmets prepar'd.

I call upon Cyrus! He comes from afar,
And the armies of nations are gather'd to war;
With the blood of thy children his path shall be red,
And the bright sun of conquest shall blaze o'er his head!

Thou glory of kingdoms! thy princes are drunk,[2]
But their loins shall be loos'd, and their hearts shall be sunk;
They shall crouch to the dust, and be counted as slaves,
At the roll of his wheels, like the rushing of waves!

For I am the Lord, who have mightily spann'd
The breadth of the heavens, and the sea and the land;
And the mountains shall flow at my presence,[3] and earth
Shall reel to and fro in the glance of my wrath!

[1] 'Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield.' — ISAIAH xxi. 5.
[2] 'I will make drunk her princes.' — JEREMIAH li. 57.
[3] 'The mountains melted from before the Lord.' — JUDG. v. 5. 'Oh! that the mountains might flow down at thy presence.' — ISAIAH lxiv. 1. And again, ver. 3, 'The mountains flowed down at thy presence.'

Your proud domes of cedar on earth shall be thrown,
And the rank grass shall wave o'er the lonely hearth-
stone;
And your sons and your sires and your daughters
shall bleed
By the barbarous hands of the murdering Mede!

I will sweep ye away in destruction and death,
As the whirlwind that scatters the chaff with its breath;
And the fanes of your gods shall be sprinkled with
gore,
And the course of your stream shall be heard of no
more![1]

There the wandering Arab shall ne'er pitch his tent,
But the beasts of the desert shall wail and lament;
In their desolate houses the dragons shall lie,
And the satyrs shall dance, and the bittern shall cry![2]

## LOVE.

### I.

Almighty Love! whose nameless power
This glowing heart defines too well,
Whose presence cheers each fleeting hour,
Whose silken bonds our souls compel,
Diffusing such a sainted spell,

[1] 'A drought is upon her waters.' — Jeremiah l. 38.
[2] Vide Isaiah xiii. 20.

As gilds our being with the light
  Of transport and of rapturous bliss,
And almost seeming to unite
  The joys of other worlds to this,
  The heavenly smile, the rosy kiss; —

Before whose blaze my spirits shrink,
  My senses all are wrapt in thee,
Thy force I own too much, to think
  (So full, so great thine ecstacy)
  That thou art less than deity!

Thy golden chains embrace the land,
  The starry sky, the dark blue main;
And at the voice of thy command,
  (So vast, so boundless is thy reign)
  All nature springs to life again!

II.

The glittering fly, the wondrous things
  That microscopic art descries;
The lion of the waste, which springs,
  Bounding upon his enemies;
The mighty sea-snake of the storm,
The vorticella's viewless form,[1]

The vast leviathan, which takes
  His pastime in the sounding floods;
The crafty elephant, which makes
  His haunts in Ceylon's spicy woods —

[1] See BAKER on Animalculæ.

Alike confess thy magic sway,
Thy soul-enchanting voice obey!

O! whether thou, as bards have said,
  Of bliss or pain the partial giver,
Wingest thy shaft of pleasing dread
  From out thy well-stor'd golden quiver,
O'er earth thy cherub wings extending,
Thy sea-born mother's side attending; —

Or else, as Indian fables say,
  Upon thine emerald lory riding,
Through gardens, mid the restless play
  Of fountains, in the moon-beam gliding,
Mid sylph-like shapes of maidens dancing,
Thy scarlet standard high advancing; —

Thy fragrant bow of cane thou bendest,[1]
  Twanging the string of honey'd bees,
And thence the flower-tipp'd arrow sendest,
  Which gives or robs the heart of ease;
Camdeo, or Cupid, O be near,
To listen, and to grant my prayer!

[1] See Sir WILLIAM JONES's WORKS, vol. vi. p. 313.

'He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string;
With bees how sweet, but ah! how keen the sting!
He with five flowrets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts.'

## SONG.

To sit beside a chrystal spring,
Cool'd by the passing zephyr's wing,
And bend my every thought to thee,
Is life, is bliss, is ecstacy!

And as within that spring I trace
Each line, each feature of my face;
The faithful mirror tells me true —
It tells me that I think of *you!*

## EXHORTATION TO THE GREEKS.

'En illa, illa quam sæpe optastis, libertas!'
SALLUST.

AROUSE thee, O Greece! and remember the day,
When the millions of Xerxes were quell'd on their way!
Arouse thee, O Greece! let the pride of thy name
Awake in thy bosom the light of thy fame!
Why hast thou shone in the temple of glory?
Why hast thou blaz'd in those annals of fame?
For know, that the former bright page of thy story
Proclaims but thy bondage and tells but thy shame:

Proclaims from how high thou art fallen! — how low
Thou art plung'd in the dark gulf of thraldom and woe!
Arouse thee, O Greece! from the weight of thy slumbers!
The chains are upon thee! — arise from thy sleep!
Remember the time, when nor nations nor numbers
Could break thy thick phalanx embodied and deep.
Old Athens and Sparta remember the morning,
When the swords of the Grecians were red to the hilt:
And, the bright gem of conquest her chaplet adorning,
Platæa rejoic'd at the blood that ye spilt!
Remember the night, when, in shrieks of affright,
The fleets of the East in your ocean were sunk:
Remember each day, when, in battle array,
From the fountain of glory how largely ye drunk!
For there is not ought that a freeman can fear,
As the fetters of insult, the name of a slave;
And there is not a voice to a nation so dear,
As the war-song of freedom that calls on the brave.

## KING CHARLES'S VISION.

[A Vision somewhat resembling the following, and prophetic of the Northern Alexander, is said to have been witnessed by Charles XI. of Sweden, the antagonist of Sigismund. The reader will exclaim, 'Credat Judæus Apella!']

King Charles was sitting all alone,
  In his lonely palace-tower,
When there came on his ears a heavy groan,
  At the silent midnight hour.

He turn'd him round where he heard the sound,
  But nothing might he see;
And he only heard the nightly bird
  That shriek'd right fearfully.

He turn'd him round where he heard the sound,
  To his casement's arched frame;
'And he was aware of a light that was there,'[1]
  But he wist not whence it came.

[1] 'And he was aware of a Grey-friar.'
*The Grey Brother.*
'And he was aware of a knight that was there.'
*The Baron of Smalhome*

He looked forth into the night,
  'T was calm as night might be;
But broad and bright the flashing light
  Stream'd red and radiantly.

From ivory sheath his trusty brand
  Of stalwart steel he drew;
And he rais'd the lamp in his better hand,
  But its flame was dim and blue.

And he open'd the door of that palace-tower,
  But harsh turn'd the jarring key:
'By the Virgin's might,' cried the king that night,
  'All is not as it should be!'

Slow turn'd the door of the crazy tower,
  And slowly again did it close;
And within and without, and all about,
  A sound of voices rose.

The king he stood in dreamy mood,
  For the voices his name did call;
Then on he past, till he came at last
  To the pillar'd audience-hall.

Eight and forty columns wide,
  Many and carv'd and tall,
(Four and twenty on each side)
  Stand in that lordly hall.

The king had been pight [1] in the mortal fight,
  And struck the deadly blow;
The king he had strode in the red red blood,
  Often, afore, and now:

Yet his heart had ne'er been so harrow'd with fear
  As it was this fearful hour;
For his eyes were not dry, and his hair stood on high,
  And his soul had lost its power.

For a blue livid flame, round the hall where he came,
  In fiery circles ran;
And sounds of death, and chattering teeth,
  And gibbering tongues began.

He saw four and twenty statesmen old
  Round a lofty table sit;
And each in his hand did a volume hold,
  Wherein mighty things were writ.

In burning steel were their limbs all cas'd;
  On their cheeks was the flush of ire:
Their armour was brac'd, and their helmets were lac'd,
  And their hollow eyes darted fire.

[1] 'A hideous rock is PIGHT
Of mighty magnes-stone.'
SPENSER.

'You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly PIGHT upon our Phrygian plains!'
SHAKESPEARE.

With sceptre of might, and with gold crown bright,
  And locks like the raven's wing,
And in regal state at that board there sate
  The likeness of a king.

With crimson ting'd, and with ermine fring'd,
  And with jewels spangled o'er,
And rich as the beam of the sun on the stream,
  A sparkling robe he wore.[1]

Yet though fair shone the gem on his proud diadem,
  Though his robe was jewell'd o'er,
Though brilliant the vest on his mailed breast,
  Yet they all were stain'd with gore!

[1] This is, perhaps, an unpardonable falsehood, since it is well known that Charles was so great an enemy to finery as even to object to the appearance of the Duke of Marlborough on that account. Let those readers, therefore, whose critical nicety this passage offends, substitute the following stanza, which is 'the whole truth, and nothing but the truth':

With buttons of brass that glitter'd like glass,
  And brows that were crown'd with bays,
With large blue coat, and with black jack-boot,
  The theme of his constant praise.

Nothing indeed could exceed Charles's affection for his boots: he eat, drank, and slept in them; nay, he never went on a bootless errand. When the dethroned monarch Augustus waited upon him with proposals of peace, Charles entertained him with a long dissertation on his unparalleled aforesaid jack-boots: he even went so far as to threaten (according to Voltaire), in an authoritative epistle to the senate at Stockholm, that unless they proved less refractory, he would send them one of his boots as regent! Now this, we must allow, was a step beyond Caligula's consul.

And his eye darted ire, and his glance shot fire,
  And his look was high command;
And each, when he spoke, struck his mighty book,
  And rais'd his shadowy hand.

And a headman stood by, with his axe on high,
  And quick was his ceaseless stroke;
And loud was the shock on the echoing block,
  As the steel shook the solid oak.

While short and thick came the mingled shriek
  Of the wretches who died by his blow;
And fast fell each head on the pavement red,
  And warm did the life-blood flow.

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
  'What fearful sights are those?'
Said the ghostly king to the earthly king,
  'They are signs of future woes!'

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
  'By Saint Peter, who art thou?'
Said the ghostly king to the earthly king,
  'I shall be, but I am not now.'

Said the earthly king to the ghostly king,
  'But when will thy time draw nigh?'
'Oh! the sixth after thee will a warrior be,
  And that warrior am I.

'And the lords of the earth shall be pale at my birth,
And conquest shall hover o'er me;
And the kingdoms shall shake, and the nations shall quake,
And the thrones fall down before me.

'And Cracow shall bend to my majesty,
And the haughty Dane shall bow;
And the Pole shall fly from my piercing eye,
And the scowl of my clouded brow.

'And around my way shall the hot balls play,
And the red-tongued flames arise;
And my pathway shall be on the midnight sea,
'Neath the frown of the wintry skies.

'Thro' narrow pass, over dark morass,
And the waste of the weary plain,
Over ice and snow, where the dark streams flow,
Thro' the woods of the wild Ukraine.

'And though sad be the close of my life and my woes,
And the hand that shall slay me unshown;
Yet in every clime, thro' the lapse of all time,
Shall my glorious conquests be known.

'And blood shall be shed, and the earth shall be red
With the gore of misery;
And swift as this flame shall the light of my fame
O'er the world as brightly fly.'

As the monarch spoke, crew the morning cock,
  When all that pageant bright,
And the glitter of gold, and the statesmen old,
  Fled into the gloom of night!

# TIMBUCTOO

BY A. TENNYSON

OF TRINITY COLLEGE

1829

'Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.'

CHAPMAN.

## TIMBUCTOO.

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blench'd with faery light,
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep
blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth: even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:

Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.
Where are ye,
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?

For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, 'Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?'
  A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of ever-changing bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.
  'O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see.'

I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay — the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendant crags, which lapse
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.
I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now,
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he that, borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,

Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding element?
My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of star-lit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.
Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.
Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place

Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it — if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.
With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:
'There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory of heaven.[1] With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild

[1] 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood, —
Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind —
And win him unto me: and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven,
Man's first, last home: and thou with ravish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,

Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.
How chang'd from this fair city!'

Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing: and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

# NOTES.

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## THE FORESTERS.

FIRST performed and published in 1892. See Vol. I. pp. 115–120.

PAGE 7. — *As a mellow codlin.* — A kind of apple.

*Battels.* — At Oxford the college accounts for board and provisions supplied from the kitchen and buttery; hence, the provisions themselves.

PAGE 8. — *Moneys.* — The English editions have uniformly 'monies.'

PAGE 9.— *Go about to come to them.* — 'Go about' is used in the old sense of undertake; as often in Shakespeare and the Bible.

PAGE 12. — '*I'll cleave to you rich or poor.*' — The English editions omit the quotation marks here and in the last line of the second stanza.

PAGE 13. — *He would grapple with a lion like the King.* — Alluding to the old story that Richard got the name of 'Cœur de Lion' from an actual combat with a lion, whose heart he tore out. Compare Shakespeare, 'King John,' ii. 1. 3: 'Richard that robb'd the lion of his heart,' etc.

PAGE 37. — *To sleep! to sleep!* — This song was first published in the 'New Review' for March, 1891.

PAGE 38. — *O yes, O yes, O yes!* — The *oyez* (hear) with which, thrice repeated, the officer calls attention to his message.

PAGE 39. — *Than plain man.* — The American copyright edition has 'Then' for 'Than.'

PAGE 43. — *There is no land like England.* — This Song was first published more than sixty years earlier, in the volume of 1830, where the chorus was as follows: —

CHORUS. — For the French the Pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em:
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS. — Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

PAGE 46. — *Our vice-king John, etc.* — For the quibble, compare 'Hamlet,' iii. 4. 98: 'a vice of kings,' etc.

PAGE 53. — *A sprig of wickentree.* — The mountain-ash, or rowan-tree (*Pyrus aucuparia*).

PAGE 54. — *Manchet-bread and marchpane.* — Fine wheat bread and dainty confections. For 'marchpane' compare 'Romeo and Juliet,' i. 5. 9: 'Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane.'

PAGE 58. — *This old lamester.* — The word is in none of the dictionaries up to the present time (1897), and, like 'tongue-ster,' which Tennyson uses several times, may be his own coinage.

PAGE 71. — *The midland ocean.* — The Mediterranean.

PAGE 75. — *Are the men all mad? There then, and there!* — A reminiscence of 'Twelfth Night,' iv. 1. 27.

PAGE 77. — *At latter Lammas.* — That is, 'at the Greek calends,' or never.

PAGE 93. — *Courtesy to him, wife.* — 'Courtesy' and 'curtsy,' are forms of the same word used interchangeably by Elizabethan writers.

PAGE 97. — *The mouldwarp.* — The mole. Compare '1 Henry IV.' iii. 1. 149: —

> I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
> With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant, etc.

PAGE 105. — *The bee buzz'd up in the heat.* — This Song was reprinted in the 'Death of Œnone' volume with the title, 'The Bee and the Flower.'

PAGE 118. — *I am mortally afeard of thee.* — 'Afeard' is incorrectly printed 'afear'd' both here and on page 51 in the English and American copyright editions.

PAGE 121. — *Three mots.* — Three blasts upon a horn.

PAGE 133. — *And carry her off.* — 'Off' is misprinted 'of' in the American copyright edition.

PAGE 144. — *He is but hedge-priest.* — Like Sir Oliver Martext in 'As You Like It' (iii. 3), to whom Jaques objects as unfit to perform the marriage ceremony for Touchstone and Audrey. Compare 'Love's Labour's Lost,' v. 2. 545: 'The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,' etc.

## LATER POEMS.

All these poems, with the exception of a few noted below, appear to have been published for the first time in the 'Death of Œnone' volume (see Vol. I. p. 125) in 1892.

### JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER.

#### TO ——.

Addressed to Lady Tennyson as the dedication of the volume just mentioned.

PAGE 153. — *On the top of the down.* — At Aldworth, the summer home of the poet. See Vol. I. pp. 86–91.

#### TO THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

Addressed to Dr. Benjamin Jowett (1817–1893), regius professor at Oxford and master of Balliol College.

PAGE 154. — *A Grecian tale retold.* — 'The Death of Œnone.'

THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.

PAGE 159. — *An' ya stood oop naäkt i' the beck.* — All the editions I have been able to consult have 'maäkt,' which I have no doubt is a misprint for 'naäkt' (naked). No such word as 'maäkt' is to be found in the dictionaries or glossaries.

THE DAWN.

PAGE 167. — *And the Press of a thousand cities is prized for it smells of the beast.* — The omission of the comma before 'for' is intentional, the connection expressed by that word being closer than in the modern use of 'for,' though it means 'because' in both constructions. This archaic 'for' is common in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers. Compare 'The Merchant of Venice,' i. 3. 43: 'I hate him for he is a Christian,' etc.

RIFLEMEN FORM.

This poem was first published in 1859, as the author's note explains. It was signed 'T.'

PAGE 174. — *Storm, storm, Riflemen, form!* — The original version has 'Form, form, Riflemen, form!' and the same in the fifth line of the third stanza. In the next line, in both stanzas, it has 'Ready, be ready to meet the storm!'

*How can a despot feel with the free?* — Originally, 'How should a despot set men free?'

*And a city in flames.* — Originally, 'or a city in flames.'

PAGE 175. — *True we have got — such a faithful ally.* — The original reading of this line and the next was: —

> True that we have a faithful ally,
> But only the devil knows what he means.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

First printed in the 'Nineteenth Century' for February, 1892, where it is dated 'January 14, 1892.'

### Crossing the Bar.

This poem has been already included in Vol. viii. p. 294; but I reprint it here in accordance with Lord Tennyson's request that it might be put at the end of all editions of his poems. See the Memoir by his son, Vol. II. p. 367.

## APPENDIX.

### Selections from 'Poems by Two Brothers.'

The present Lord Tennyson, in the preface to the reprint of 'Poems by Two Brothers' published by him in 1893, states that the book is a facsimile of the edition of 1827. In these selections I have followed the spelling and pointing of the reprint (Macmillan's American edition) except in the few instances mentioned in the following Notes.

### Memory.

It is interesting to compare this poem with the 'Ode to Memory' published in the volume of 1830. Like several others of Alfred's it is longer than any of Charles's.

### Why should we Weep for those who Die?

I have my doubts whether this poem is rightly attributed to Alfred.

### Remorse.

See Vol. I. p. 14. The complex interlacing of the rhymes is peculiar to Alfred. Compare 'Persia,' 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' 'Time,' etc.

### The Dell of E——.

See Vol. I. p. 24.

### Antony to Cleopatra.

See Vol. I. p. 20.

### 'I Wander in Darkness and Sorrow.'

Note the repetition in the last line of each stanza. Alfred was more given to these regularities of *form* than his brother.

He also tries his hand at a greater variety of stanzas and arrangements of rhymes.

### The Old Sword.

See Vol. I. p. 22.

### 'We Meet No More.'

The present Lord Tennyson agrees with me that this is incorrectly assigned to Alfred. See Vol. I. p. 14.

### Written by an Exile of Bassorah.

Page 205. — *Cama's young glance.* — For the allusion to the Hindu god of love, Cama or Camdeo, compare the lines on 'Love' page 272, and see Vol. I. p. 23.

### The Vale of Bones.

See Vol. I. p. 13.

### 'Did not thy Roseate Lips Outvie.'

In this poem, as in 'Persia,' 'Midnight,' and others, the long sentences are to be noted. One finds very few of these in Charles's poems.

### Persia.

One of the most notable of these juvenile poems. The familiarity with Persian history and geography is remarkable in one so young; and proper names are managed with much skill.

### Egypt.

See Vol. I. p. 20.

### The Druid's Prophecies.

Perhaps suggested by Cowper's 'Boadicea,' but longer and more elaborate, and here and there hardly inferior to that poem.

### Midnight.

See Vol. I. p. 16.

### Scotch Song.

In the reprint of 'Poems by Two Brothers,' this is marked '(?)' but it is probably Alfred's. It is the only experiment in Scottish verse in the volume.

### Song.

The repetition in the third line of each stanza indicates that the verses are correctly assigned to Alfred.

### On Sublimity.

One of the best of Alfred's early efforts. Here, as in 'Persia,' the metrical management of proper names is noteworthy.

Page 231. — *Quoir.* — Quire, or choir; the spelling of the original edition.

Page 233. — *Of Niagara's flood of matchless might.* — For the penultimate accent of 'Niagara,' compare Goldsmith, 'The Traveller,' 412: 'And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.' This was the original pronunciation of the name. See Lippincott's 'Gazetteer.'

### The Deity.

Signed 'A. T. or C. T.' in the reprint, but Lord Tennyson believes, as I do, that Charles wrote it. See Vol. I. p. 14.

### Time: an Ode.

Remarkable for imagination and for versification as the work of a boy of sixteen.

### The Grave of a Suicide.

Perhaps incorrectly assigned to Alfred.

Page 241. — *Sighs thro' yon grove of aged oaks.* — The reprint (at least the American issue) has 'grave' for 'grove.'

*For thou, wed to misery from the tomb.* — The verse halts, unless we accent 'misery' on the second syllable, a pronunciation which some critics recognize in occasional instances in Elizabethan poetry. I rather suspect some misprint here.

### The Walk at Midnight.

Page 244. — *Rise! let us trace that path once more, etc.* — This reminds one of the closing stanza of 'The Miller's Daughter.'

### On a Dead Enemy.

See Vol. I. p. 19.

### 'Ah! Yes, the Lip may Faintly Smile.'

Signed 'A. T. (?),' and probably not Alfred's. See Vol. I. p. 14.

### The Passions.

Page 258. — *Beware, beware, e'er thou wakest!* — This is the reading of the reprint, but the 'ere' in the first line shows that 'e'er' is a slip either of the pen or of the type.

### On the Moonlight Shining upon a Friend's Grave.

Signed 'A. T. (?)' and probably Charles's.

### The Dying Christian.

Signed 'A. T. or C. T.,' but quite certainly Charles's, as Lord Tennyson tells me that he also thinks. Compare Vol. I. p. 14.

### 'How Gaily Sinks the Gorgeous Sun.'

These lines are signed 'A. T. (?),' and may be safely assigned to Charles. See Vol. I. p. 14.

### Switzerland.

Signed 'A. T. (?),' and I am inclined to believe the poem Charles's, though Mr. Shepherd, in his 'Tennysoniana,' compares the closing lines with 'The red fool-fury of the Seine' in 'In Memoriam.'

### Love.

Page 272. — *Or else, as Indian fables say, etc.* — See note on page 205 above.

### King Charles's Vision.

Not a bad imitation of the old ballad style and versification.

### Timbuctoo.

For this prize poem of 1829, see Vol. I. pp. 33-36. For the text I follow the reprint appended to the 1893 edition of 'Poems by Two Brothers.'

Page 291. — *And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes.* — Here the Harpers' reprint has 'multitude of multitudes.'

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## ADDITIONAL NOTES ON THE PRECEDING VOLUMES.

### VOLUME I.

Page 5, *foot-note.* — The 'authority' referred to is that of the present Lord Tennyson, who told me this several years ago. See his 'Memoir' of his father (Vol. I. p. 12) published as this last volume goes to press.

Page 98. — *A writer in a London journal.* — It is interesting to know ('Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 267) that the writer was the poet's son Lionel.

Page 339. — On 'The Lady of Shalott' the 'Memoir' (Vol. I. p. 116) remarks: 'The key to this tale of magic "symbolism" is of deep human significance, and is to be found in the lines:

> Or when the moon was overhead,
> Came two young lovers lately wed;
> "I am half-sick of shadows," said
> The Lady of Shalott.'

The poet gave this interpretation to Canon Ainger: 'The new-born love for something, for some one in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities.'

## VOLUME II.

PAGE 335. — According to the 'Memoir' (Vol. II. p. 330) the four lines beginning 'In the hall there hangs a painting' were the 'nucleus' of the second 'Locksley Hall.'

Tennyson told Bishop Brooks ('Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 296) that the lines 'Love took up the harp of life,' etc. were 'the best simile he ever made.' He often wrote these lines when friends asked for his autograph.

PAGE 342. — Apropos of 'The Flower,' Browning, commenting on 'Enoch Arden' in a letter to Tennyson ('Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 16), says: 'How such a poem disproves the statement in that strange mistake of yours, the Flower-Apologue! "Steal your seed!" as if they want flower-seed in a gum-flower manufactory! One might cabbage out a tolerable rose, by adroit scissor-work on starched calico after studying in your gardens of Gul, but the seed for the phenomenon itself comes from a place that was never reached from the top of a wall, you may be sure.'

In saying that there was no personal reference in 'The Flower,' the poet of course meant that he had no particular person in mind, but alluded to his imitators generally.

## VOLUME III.

PAGE 360. — About the 'Northern Farmer' poems, Tennyson wrote ('Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 9): 'Roden Noel calls these two poems "photographs," but they are imagination. The first is founded on the dying words of a farm-bailiff, as reported to me by a great-uncle of mine when verging on eighty, — "God A'mighty little knows what He 's about a-taking me. An' Squire will be so mad an' all." I conjectured the man from that one saying.'

PAGE 363. — Tennyson, when asked to write something in an Album of the Queen's, chose these lines, 'In the Valley of Cauteretz,' which he had heard that Her Majesty was pleased with when they were repeated to her a year before by the Duke of Argyll. See 'Memoir,' Vol. I. p. 491.

## VOLUME IV.

For many interesting notes on 'In Memoriam' (and many other poems, I may add) — too long for quotation here — see the 'Memoir.'

## VOLUME V.

The question whether the allegory in the 'Idylls of the King' was an afterthought or not is settled by a memorandum in the poet's handwriting (a facsimile of a portion of it is one of the illustrations in Volume II. of the 'Memoir') written as early as 1833, in which a scheme for the allegory (afterwards materially modified) is sketched.

## VOLUME VI.

PAGE 297. — The note on page 224 should read: 'has not the line, "To honour his own word as if his God's."'

## VOLUME VII.

PAGE 292. — The statement of the 'British Quarterly Review' that 'Enoch Arden' and 'Aylmer's Field' were both founded upon fact is confirmed by the 'Memoir' (Vol. II. p. 7). The friend who told Tennyson the stories was the sculptor Woolner. 'The opening lines of "Aylmer's Field" unfold the moral of that poem. The sequel describes the Nemesis which fell upon Sir Aylmer in his pride of wealth.' Tennyson 'always felt a prophet's righteous wrath against this form of selfishness; and no one can read his terrible denunciations of such pride trampling on a holy human love, without being aware that the poet's heart burnt within him while at work on this tale of wrong' (page 9).

PAGE 317. — According to the 'Memoir' (Vol. II. p. 249), 'The First Quarrel' was founded on an Isle of Wight story, and 'Rizpah' upon an incident related in a penny magazine called 'Old Brighton.' The story is quoted in the 'Memoir.'

PAGE 319. — 'The Northern Cobbler' was also founded on a fact that the poet heard in early youth. 'A man set up a bottle of gin in his window when he gave up drinking, in order to defy the drink.'

PAGE 322. — 'The Sisters' is another poem partly founded on fact. See the 'Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 252.

'The Children's Hospital' was a true story told to the poet by Mary Gladstone. 'The two children,' he says, 'are the only characters taken from life.'

PAGE 326. — 'Columbus' was founded on a passage in Irving's 'Life of Columbus.'

PAGE 334. — For some curious facts concerning the history of the lines to Dante, see the 'Memoir,' Vol. II. pp. 255, 256.

## VOLUME VIII.

PAGE 299. — 'The Wreck' was suggested by a catastrophe which happened to an Italian vessel named the *Rosina*, bound from 'Catania for New York.' See further particulars in the 'Memoir,' Vol. II. pp. 318, 319.

PAGE 300. — 'The Flight,' as we learn from the 'Memoir,' was a 'very early poem.'

PAGE 313. — 'The Dead Prophet,' as the 'Memoir' states, 'is about no particular prophet.' Tennyson wrote it 'because he felt strongly that the world likes to know about the roughnesses, eccentricities, and defects of a man of genius rather than what he really is.'

PAGE 321. — About 'The Ring' the poet notes ('Memoir,' Vol. II. p. 365): 'Mr. Lowell told me this legend, or something like it, of a house near which he had once lived.' In a letter to Tennyson, Lowell says: 'Henry James, to whom I told the legend many years ago, made it the subject of a short story.'

PAGE 326. — The 'Memoir' (Vol. II. p. 366), says: '"Crossing the Bar" was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out.'

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